National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XIX. NO. 22. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1858. WHOLE NO. 958.

National Anti-Slavery Standard

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

THE AMERICAN BOARD AND SLAVERY.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

It might naturally have been supposed that in an Assembly of Christians combining and concentrating so much moral power, it would be the universal desire and determination to use that power, if God granted any possible legitimate opportunity, against so great and terrible a sin. It might have been supposed that such an assembly would rejoice at any door of utterance opened before them, through which they might with propriety rebuke the oppressor, and lift up a voice in behalf of the dumb and down-trodden, forbidden to speak for themselves. It might have been supposed that they would thank God that he had given such power and opportunity unto his servants, and had given them such a corporate standing and dignity, that they might, in his name, rebuke such an iniquity with an influence and energy such as no private individual or society could command. Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this? But this mighty Association, altogether holding its peace at such a time, falls lamentably short, to say the least, of its great duty and privilege with the Word of God, and must be confessed to have been in Esther's place without her courage. What a sacrifice of opportunity, what a waste of power.

It is rare that so magnificent an opportunity is granted; it is rare that so great and melancholy a sacrifice is made. Indeed, what a spectacle, to see such a body of Christ's stewards, in the presence of a great and reigning sin, deliberately folding up his Word, *in respect to that Sin*, in a napkin and hiding it away, declaring that the application of it would only have exposed them to danger and difficulty! To see men thanking God that they had been enabled to shirk that responsibility, and that the pretence of not being an Anti-Particular-Sin Society had afforded them a way of retreat, by which they could strike their tents, put out their fires, and hasten from the presence of the enemy, without having been compelled to aim one single blow against him, or even to show their colors! Such a retreat might be very safe, but also would be very shameful!

Let us turn the glass in another direction. Suppose the mission in the Micronesian Islands had been established some forty years, and that, after the Churches had long been formed there, we had learned that polygamy was practised among them, that it was indeed adopted and established by law, the missionaries having never directed the Word of God so explicitly against it as to prevent its getting a foothold and a sanction at the stations themselves. Suppose that laws were passed forbidding the missionaries to speak against it, and that on these facts being made known, and some explanation required in regard to them, and a condemnation of the sin demanded, it should be publicly announced in America that the American Board are not an Anti-Polygamy Society, and have properly nothing to do, either directly or indirectly, with that sin. Suppose the Churches in America should be informed, in a report with reference to those Micronesian Missions, and especially concerning that sin, that inasmuch as the subject was encompassed with difficulties, and the missionaries in consequence were in a delicate and perplexing position, the Board could not direct them to apply the Gospel, but had taken the incipient steps for withdrawing from the field!

The Bishop to the Zulus in South Africa did actually enter into covenant with the Churches and converts there that he would not disturb their existing domestic *polygamous* relations, would not level the Gospel against a custom sanctioned by their laws, if they would let him stay among them in quiet; in other words, would not preach the Gospel against sin, if they would only let him preach the Gospel. And just such has been the argument for silence in regard to slavery among these Choctaw and Cherokee Zulus. *Nomine mutando, de te fabula narratur.* You have only to change the place, and the circumstances are the same, and it is the same specimen of walking in craftiness, and handling the Word of God deceitfully. The cowardice, the compromise with sin, the treachery towards the Word of God, and the conscience of the natives, are alike disgraceful. The continued example of such a policy, instead of commending the Board by manifestation of the truth to men's consciences in the sight of God, is a commendation to men's fears, interests, expediences and the ever-varying tyrant pleas of necessity and prudence. It is a carnal prudence, which God's Word condemns, and which is the height of spiritual imprudence, let who will practise it.

But when the example of such timidity, such carnal policy, such concealment of the Word of God at men's command, is set in such elevated place, by a Christian Board so vast and influential, it becomes an example most disastrous and debasing to the ministry and the Churches. What we want is some great and noble instance of reliance on that Word, and on God in it, without consulting with flesh and blood, without compromise, without fear of consequences. What we want is not examples of ingenuity in avoiding disturbance, and keeping always in the sunshine of popular favor, examples how to preach the Gospel without kindling a fire, without opposition, giving none offence to any man by it, but examples of preaching it plainly, nobly, freely, fully, whether men will hear or forbear, when it is well known that it will and must give offence. Whenever the Word of God is withheld, there the policy of fear and silence and carnal wisdom in regard to slavery is the course commended by the Board, and it is extensively followed. It is the same policy that has made the Episcopal Methodist Church South expunge its resolutions against the buying and selling of human beings as sinful. It is the same policy that has dictated to the American Tract Society the beginning, continuance and end of its mutilating and concealing career. It is a policy that has no nobler or more respectable reason anywhere than that given for striking out the *word* slavery from Harris's testimony against it, because it was *so small a word that sixpence could cover it!* It is the same policy that induced the engraver of Ary Scheffer's exquisite picture for the Prayer-Book to get rid of the difficulty of an emancipated slave, *by scraping out the subject.* If he had had him in person, he might have sold him for his jail fees. It is the same policy that induced the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church to erase from their Book of the Confession of Faith and Discipline the terrible note of the Word of God against slavery as man-stealing. Under this most wicked and time-serving policy, just so many steps of aggression as slavery has taken forward, just so many steps of retreat the Church has taken backward.

How many times the American Board might have legitimately exerted a most powerful influence against this giant sin! How many times it might have uttered a testimony, manifestly called for by its course of duty, manifestly suggested and demanded by Divine Providence, such a testimony as would have reverberated to the glory of God and the honor of his Church, through all Christendom! The Board have been accustomed to issue from time to time special missionary papers on various subjects connected with the interests of missions. With what signal propriety, and with what vast effect, might it, in connection with our African Missions, have considered, in such occasional papers, the dreadful influence of slavery on the Missionary cause, have demonstrated its antagonism against the Gospel, have shown that the Church in this country, by maintaining and sanctioning slavery at home, is the grand cause of its prevalence abroad; the feeder of its fires of sin being the practice and the market in a Christian land! With what perfect consistency, dignity and moral power might the Board have called upon the Churches to cooperate in condemning and excommunicating this sin, thus removing one of the greatest acknowledged obstacles against the progress of the Gospel!

Privately, the missionaries from time to time send us most earnest and thrilling appeals from abroad against this sin and shame. How is it that through the alembic of the Prudential Committee never one of these appeals finds its way to the public through the pages of the *Missionary Herald?* And how is it that these utterances are stifled at home, even in the souls of the missionaries, the moment they set foot on Christian ground in a return visit to the Churches? By what power of dephlogistication is all their fervent abhorrence of this sin, and zeal against it, drawn off, neutralized, quieted, so that never a syllable falls from them in any platform speech, at any public meeting, but they come and go, with salutation and farewell, never with open utterance, breathing even a prayer to stay the progress of this mighty sin?

Most assuredly such significant, long-continued, uninterrupted silence is not accidental. The same profound silence has been preserved by the Board and the Prudential Committee at home, save only when some leading member travels as far south as Richmond to bring back gold-headed, bright-buttoned, rose-colored images and illustrations of the piety, gentleness, urbanity, generosity, beauty, luxury and comfort of slavery as a patriarchal and domestic institution. How remarkable that a Board, almost idolized as representing and embodying in the highest degree the spirit of piety in the American Churches, should have seen the uninterrupted steady tramp of this iniquity to its supremacy, till it has taken its seat in the Tribunal of our National Justice, as the all-governing law, without ever a solitary effort put forth directly against it! What could have been more proper, more dignified, more noble, when that Tribunal was disgraced by the promulgation of the infamous declaration *that black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect*, than for the Board, as entrusted with the Gospel for Africa, and for black men, to have taken up that wholesale Herod-like sentence of moral assassination against the race, and given the truly infernal sentiment a brand of reprobation, as broad, as wide, and as burning, as the Chief-Justice's own intended application of the curse. The whole world would have said, That is just, that is consistent, noble, true to the Gospel committed to the Board in trust. The rebuke of such a judicial crime has come from the right authority.

And when those cruel and unchristian laws in support of slavery were passed among the Cherokees and Choctaws, what an absolute demand for the interposition of the Board, what an admirable and legitimate occasion for the Board to have appointed a Committee of investigation of the whole slave code, to show its inconsistency with the Gospel, its inhumanity, its impiety, and to remonstrate against such dreadful jurisprudence, as forbidden and reprobated by Almighty God! Never could a benevolent Board have desired a more perfectly just and commanding occasion for the rebuke of such iniquity, an occasion so legitimate that it would have defied the pro-slavery jealousy and ingenuity of the Charleston *Courier* to have suggested any ground of complaint. For not more directly and properly do the customs and laws in support of idolatry come under the sweep and condemnation of the religion and just policy of the Board than do the customs and laws for the support and extension of slavery.

But the President of the Board has declared "that it is not an Anti-Slavery Society, and it may not be used, either directly or indirectly, for any of the specific purposes of anti-slavery men." The specific purposes of anti-slavery men are the application of the Word of God *against slavery as sin*, and the removal of that sin, by the power and grace of God, out of the world. The one specific object that anti-slavery men have in view is the conquest, renunciation and extinction of this rapacious, remorseless, all-devouring iniquity; and for this specific purpose they demand that the Word of God be applied, and they call upon the Church of God to apply it, and upon the American Board, as the agent of the Church, to set the Gospel, through the preaching of its missionaries, against this sin, wherever they come in contact with it; and especially if, in any of the Board's own missionary stations, it has gained a sanction and a foothold in the Churches. With the unspecific purposes of anti-slavery men we have nothing to do; a purpose not specific is of little consequence one way or the other; it is no purpose at all. But it is the *specific purposes* of anti-slavery men that are carefully marked by the President as the one thing which the Board cannot aid, *either directly or in directly.* It is as much as saying that the Board can have nothing to do, either directly or indirectly, against slavery; for opposition to slavery is the sole specific purpose of anti-slavery men.

President Hopkins is too good a logician not to know that his declaration covers the whole ground; it is claimed by the New York *Observer* so to do; it is claimed as placing the American Board on precisely the same ground with that occupied by the American Tract Society; and it absolutely excludes all possibility of action or utterance, or even deliberation, persuasion or counsel, against slavery. The words *directly or indirectly* do, with inexorable explicitness, cover all this. The Board cannot even march up to the boldness of the special Tract Committee, in their advice to preach the Gospel against the evils and sins, or in behalf of the duties, growing out of the existence of slavery as an institution. Wherever it exists, any opposition against it, either directly or indirectly, would be the using of the Board for the specific purposes of an Anti-Slavery Society. The sin is on the ground, it has possession, custom and law sanction it, the Missionaries of the Board, and the usefulness of the Mission, would be imperilled by directing the Gospel against it; and this squatter and popular sovereignty to do wrong the Board practically admit to be a Higher Law, with which they cannot interfere. It is the Dred Scott decision applied to the Gospel.

The principle of action, or rather of inaction, assumed and promulgated, is so fearful, so comprehensive, so widespreading, so despotic, and, in its consequences, so destructive, that we shall not hesitate to drag it to the light, and to pour the condemnation of the Word of God upon it. As advocates of the rights of the colored race, the slaves included, we know our duty, as well as the American Board know theirs, and by God's grace we shall not shrink from it. As ardent friends to the Board, and contributors to its funds, we shall labor for it with the Word of God, but not against that Word. If those who kindly endeavor to remind the Board of an unfulfilled duty are to be regarded thenceforward as enemies, assuredly the hold of the Board upon the Churches will be weakened accordingly. There is no close corporation that can attempt to stave off questions, and appeals to facts, by invidiously pointing at the inquirer, and marking him as a troubler in Israel, and long retain the confidence of a free Christian constituency. Men will not submit to be thus treated, in consequence of thus asserting their rightful Christian privileges.

We make these remarks not because the Board are animated by any such despotic spirit, but because they are in danger of being drawn into it; we make them because of intimations by some of the speakers at the late meeting, and by newspapers commenting on the report and proceedings in reference to "*paid advertisements*," and an alleged concerted attack against the Board.

On every side the advocates of the rights of the slave encounter denunciation and abuse from those who would shield the sin of slavery from the condemnation of the Word of God. "They hate him that rebuketh in the gate, and they abhor him that speaketh uprightly." We know not what to make of the insinuation of *paid advertisements*, though we have heard rumors; but if it has come to this, that men cannot get before the public a simple array of facts, drawn from the records of the Board itself, without paying for the publication of them as an advertisement, because they are supposed to reflect reprovingly on the policy of the Board in regard to slavery, and then such advertisements are publicly sneered at, in the annual meeting of the Board, as the work of a conspiracy, it becomes men soberly to ponder the nature and consequences of a muzzle so potent, so repressive, so insolent, on the press and speech of a free Christian community.—*Independent.*

PORTRAITS.

PARSON BROWNLOW ON REV. MR. PRYNE.

From The Knoxville (Tenn.) Whig.

"MR. PRYNE is staying at the same hotel I do—the American. He is a small, heavy-built man, about 36 years of age, and wears a ruffian-like pair of whiskers. He is not a pretty speaker, by any means, and has rather a feeble voice, which he strains very much in speaking. His gestures are awkward, rapid and violent, and are alike in season and out of season, agreeing exactly with the applause of the negroes and white ruffians who clap for him. He is bitter, unscrupulous and unmitigated in his abuse of the South, and is familiar with the slang dictionary of abolitionism. He has been in my room frequently, but I have never been in his. He is a kind of man who will board in the upper story of a hotel, and do without gas-light where board is cheap. He makes the acquaintance of free negroes, and low-down Abolitionists, with great facility; and I as often see him in conversation with negroes as white men. Gerrit Smith, who is worth two millions, is said to have a bill-of-sale of the man, and I presume defrays his expenses while he labors in the 'cause of human liberty.'"

REV. MR. PRYNE ON PARSON BROWNLOW.

From The Syracuse Standard.

MR. EDITOR: The above portrait of myself must be amusing to my acquaintances in your region; and as they might be equally amused by a portrait of the parson, I will draw one.

He is six feet high, of dark, sallow complexion, angular in his build and motion (what we Yankees call a raw-boned man answers well his description, especially the "raw" part of the picture); he has a long neck, surmounted by a small head for a man of his size; his eyes are black, but not peculiarly keen; his mouth indicates a mulish firmness; his under lip is too large for its place, and has to be *shirred* in order to fit; his hands are large, his gait slovenly, and his air and manner that of one of the "b'hoys." I cannot judge of his style of oratory, for he was *conveniently* unwell, and Gen. Small, who is much of a gentleman, read for him.

I did all the business with the janitor of the hall, the printers (whom the parson denounced roundly, because they would not do our advertising for nothing), the bill-posters and door-keepers, in order to give the parson time to write part of his speeches; and I was therefore compelled to make several calls at his room, as I was at the room of the bill-poster, and a respectable old colored man who carried bills for us, and I found them both much better behaved than the pastor. I boarded at the same hotel with him, but never saw him at the table but once. Whether he took his meals at a shilling eating-house and boarded at the "American," I do not know. My room was just one floor below his, and in the same wing of the hotel. He hurried home under the pretence that his child was sick. I presume it got better as soon as the pastor got out of a free State. Yours, &c., A. PRYNE.

A FALSE POSITION.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE temptations which beset the good and pure in this world increase in refinement and subtlety in proportion to the rise of their moral nature. Milton calls the love of fame "the last infirmity of noble minds." But when this infirmity has been confessed and deplored — when this and every other merely selfish motive has been formally renounced as a spring of action, and the Christian has taken the glory of God and the good of man for his object, nay, often when he is living a life apparently as wholly unselfish and disinterested as it is possible to conceive—another and more refined form of egotism slides quietly into the soul, as if the Great Deceiver adroitly should draw out one shade of a magic lantern and introduce another.

Self invests itself in an object, impersonates itself in an enterprise, into which a man puts all his personal feelings, and which thenceforth rises for him into a magnitude scarcely conceivable before, till at length it eclipses anything else, and the man is an egotist of the most intense kind without knowing it.

This egotism is all the worse for being intellectually and syllogistically fortified—as thus:

Whatever is for God's glory must be paramount.

This —— is for God's glory.

Therefore this —— must be paramount.

Fill the blank with—scheme of doctrine—plan of philanthropy—institution—society for etc., etc., and you have here the great Jesuitical syllogism on which the Devil has relied in all ages for corrupting noble minds.

When Torquemanda wanted to work on the womanly heart of Isabella of Spain, and get from her a decree that condemned thousands of her most innocent and industrious subjects to rack, fire and sword, he put her heart into this syllogystic vice, and turned the inevitable crank till he wrung compliance like life-blood out of it, and the most motherly and gentle of all women did the work of a persecuting fiend.

When the Jesuits wanted to get into Japan *to preach the Gospel*, they could only enter by trampling on the cross and denying Christ. They used this same all-conquering syllogism; and denied Christ, to begin with, that they might get a right to build up his kingdom. Were there no good men among the Jesuits—no souls flaming like a torch with disinterested love to God and man? Witness Francis Xavier's burning course—his burning words:

> "My God, I love thee not because
> I hope for heaven thereby;
> Nor because they who love thee not
> Must burn eternally;
> But I have loved thee and will love,
> And in thy praise will sing,
> Solely because thou art my Lord
> And my eternal King."

Witness the less known but apostolic labors of Father Peter Cluver among the poor negroes in South America. Disinterestedness and devotion could go no farther. What was the corrupting force in an order which embraced in it the zeal of apostles and the holy fervor of prophets?

It lay in the assent to the minor proposition of this eternal syllogism of corruption:

"*The Society of Jesus is for the glory of God.*"

Therefore—

And upon that therefore comes every compliance that disgraces Christianity and trails the honor of God in the dust.

In the mind of Loyola, the Romish Church occupied the minor proposition of the syllogism, and the Society of Jesus was subsidiary. It was a buttress to falling Romanism: but his followers, with the enthusiasm which exalts a means far above the thing it was designed to promote, made the buttress the main body of the Church. In America the same process has been insidiously going on. A splendid set of theologians, princes among men, taught to New England the sublime doctrine of disinterested devotion to the glory of God as displayed in the good of man. From this arose, like stars in their orbits, schemes of grand benevolence. The foreign mission enterprise was born, and the morning stars sang together. In many a lonely cottage of Vermont, in the valleys of the Merrimac and Connecticut, in the lovely sea-washed fisherman villages of the New England coast, there came a grand awakening of the feeling of universal brotherhood, and ignorant and unlettered men became suddenly wide-minded and thoughtful, because on every shore of earth there lived a brother, whose language, climate, habits of life, were invested with a new interest. The *Missionary Herald* carried into every farm-house an amount of geographic and scientific information beyond what any other means probably ever did. The most celebrated of German geographers has paid a merited tribute to the scientific and literary character, to the energy and intelligence of American missionaries whom he found in different countries, and to whom he acknowledges himself indebted for much of his most reliable information in regard to those countries. We are willing to believe that never was a great institution managed by more unselfish men. We are far from joining in the cry of *unprincipled proceeding* which has been raised. There has been abundance of principle—no men ever could have acted more carefully, more advisedly, and with less regard to self. Any of the men who conduct it could at any time have gained better livelihoods in another profession, if that had been their object.

We do not complain of want of principle; but the principle has not been entirely of the right kind. We do conceive that, with all their goodness and care, the Deceiver has slipped quietly the false slide into the magic lantern; and thus the American Board has been placed in the mirror of that great sophistical syllogism out of which has been cranked so much Jesuitry.

The missionary work could not have been carried on among the Indians if they had openly opposed slavery, it is said. The Jesuits said, "We cannot get into Japan without trampling on the cross." In both cases the illusion was, When we do get in and get powerful, we will right things up. We know what the result was in Japan—what sort of Christianity it was that denied itself in the outset; and we see now what kind of Christianity has been introduced among the Indians.

A new slave State is to be formed of this race of whom our missionaries have so many years been the teachers; and their laws in regard to slavery are to the full as savage and contrary to the Gospel as those defended by the other anti-Christian Churches of the South.

A new slave State! What a monument for Mills and Newell and Judson to look down on from heaven? And now the Board wish quietly to withdraw from the responsibility of their protegé.

Suppose our missionaries had gone into States as John G. Fee goes in Kentucky, proclaiming the true Gospel of liberty to the captive and opening of the prison to them that are bound—founding Churches on principles of strict anti-slavery communion. They would have been driven out out, say you? How do we know? Fee is not driven out of Kentucky. One lone unaided man, with no organized body at his back—with nothing for him but truth and—God (alas, that we should always count *God* as nothing!)—John G. Fee—is fighting in Kentucky the battle which we weep that it was not given to us and ours to fight in the Indian territories. He is fighting it successfully—necessities, afflictions, distresses, only make him stronger. Anti-Slavery Churches are rising round him, feeble indeed in their beginning, but mighty in moral force; and every inch which Christianity seems to gain under such auspices, she really does gain.

All progress in moral things founded on compromise with evil is like the advance of a runner who is tied to a post by an india-rubber band—he may seem to go on, but the moment he rests, snap comes the pull of a recoil, and all goes back.

When the American Board lets go responsibility for these Churches, how long will it be before the multiplied vices engendered by slavery, the licentiousness, the cruelty, the habitual dishonesty, will sweep a polluted flood, overwhelming all that they have done? And deny, dispute it as they may, it will forever go forth to Christendom, "This slave State was educated by the American Board."

They may say they did not mean it to be so—that they have stood as Abolitionists in their places—that they have done all they could to keep them—that they remonstrated against the sinful laws, and practically disregarded them. We readily appreciate all this; it is sad that doing so much, they did not the only thing that could have been of any real use. We dispute not that all concerned in the matter have been sincerely in the wrong. But the sincere error of the worthiest captain may wreck a ship with a thousand souls on board; and it is of all our sad estate here the mournfulest item that good men may be left by their mistakes to imperil the good for which they would gladly die.

But something we must learn from our errors. We must not, because good men have been mistaken, deny or conceal the magnitude of the mistake. We must take wisdom to our bosoms from the sad lessons of experience.

We have lost the Indians. We thought to have civilized and Christianized them, and we depart and leave them in the clutches of a system which in due time eats all the Christianity out of the heart of the best-instructed and most intelligent communities. We leave them in the clutches of a system that has barbarized Virginia and run out the soil of the Carolinas.

WE HAVE LOST THE INDIANS. All the prayers and tears of our fathers and mothers departed—all the efforts of missionaries of whom the world is not worthy—all the purity and apostolic zeal of Evarts, second to no Xavier or Cluver—all these will not save them. Down they will go—into ignorance, into barbarism, into degradation, drawn down by the mill-stone which has sunk stronger states, which *we* have suffered to be fastened on their necks. God is a terrible logician—he never stops between premise and conclusion, nor stays the consequences of a sophistry for the best of men. And the slightest spot or stain of sin he has fastened with an infinite certainty to endless consequences. A man once lost a fortune simply by saying "once one is two" in the beginning of a calculation. An error slight indeed, but having in it the seeds of a disorder infinite as the power of figures.

Let us beware in time. This error runs through all our great societies. If we place their safety before God's glory, he will dash them in pieces as a potter's vessel.

> God's glory is a wondrous thing,
> Most strange in all its ways,
> And of all things on earth least like
> What men agree to praise.

The Church has idols—societies and enterprises are her idols—she is thinking of *them* more than of God. Let us not be high-minded, but fear. The language of anniversaries, the self-glorifications of our great meetings, is not the language of safety. We are in danger, and need to watch and be humble.

> Workmen of God, O lose not heart,
> But learn what God is like,
> And in the darkest battle-field
> Thou shalt know when to strike.
> And blessed is he who can divine
> Where the *real* right doth lie,
> And dares to take the side that seems
> Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
> O learn to scorn the praise of men!
> *O learn to lose with God!*
> For Jesus won the world through shame,
> And beckons us the road.

—*Independent.*

THE MIGRATIONS OF LABOR.

IF the late Sir George Cayley's visions of ballooning had been realized, and we could survey the globe at pleasure from on high, one of the strangest spectacles now witnessed by aerial voyagers would be the perplexities and cross purposes, and the consequent waste, and voyaging and travelling, of the employers of labor resident in a broad zone of the globe. Any observer looking down upon the seas of the world, and seeing the cargoes of laborers passing to and fro, crossing and recrossing one another's path, landed on islands whose inhabitants were carried away to make room for them, or themselves deported to make room for expected strangers, might imagine mankind gone mad on the subject of tilling the land, or bent on playing a costly and awkward game, in which nobody unconcerned in it could see any fun. If we cannot mount above the clouds, to get a bird's-eye view of the migration of laborers in this year 1858, we can see, from our insular station, a good deal of what is going on. One can scarcely open a newspaper from any part of the world just now in which we do not light upon a paragraph about the transfer of laborers from one country to another. The movement is so nearly universal, in regard to intertropical colonies, and countries in near relation with them, that the question which naturally occurs to all simple-minded people is, why do not all these laborers stay where they are, and work at home? What is the use of their turning one another out, and running after or running away from each other, when each country has work to do and people living there to do it? These simple questions appear to us perfectly rational; and no answer, we are confident, can be made which will satisfy any reasonable and honest mind.

This wasteful and laborious shifting of the labor-supply—this costly effort to counteract the great natural laws of society—is a consequence of the prior violation of Nature's laws, which we call slavery, and which slaveholders describe as the beneficiary servitude of an inferior to the superior race. The institution has become so nearly impracticable in the American sense of it, in our time, that a critical struggle is going on, marked by many symptoms, of which the wildest and strangest is this mutual race and chase of labor round the globe. The process is something like this.

The two slaveholding countries which keep up the institution itself, and the trade which supplies it, are the United States and Cuba.

The American slave States actually contain nearly enough poor whites to till the soil; and no American products except sugar (of which only a small quantity is grown on a limited area) require the labor of black men. Every year strengthens the proof that native whites and European immigrants can grow and prepare cotton and tobacco, from Virginia to Texas, better than negro slaves. But to the latest moment, the native whites were prevented working, and compelled to sink into poverty and destitution while negroes were doing their proper work. Negroes were brought in from Africa till fifty years ago, and afterwards from States which took to breeding slaves when their agricultural capabilities were exhausted. Here were two sets of people where there was naturally scope for one. Thence arose the deportation scheme which thoughtless persons in Europe have been led to fancy a good thing, as tending to the abolition of American slavery. We were told, and were expected to believe, that the American marine was employed, and always would be employed, in bringing European laborers over to the Northern States of the Union, and, at the same time, carrying away American laborers to Africa, to equalize the numbers. Could a balloon-traveller see a more absurd spectacle than this? Plenty of whites pining in idleness and poverty on the land which the descendants of imported Africans were reluctantly tilling: hundreds of thousands of Germans, Irish, Swedes, and Dutch, pouring in at the northern ports; and strenuous efforts making in the southern ports to drive out, or carry away, supernumerary blacks to the old Africa.

Look now at that African shore. There, in the Liberian State, are landed the few American negroes—mostly slaves freed for the purpose of being so got rid of—who are "to evangelize Africa." "Here," says the slaveholder at Washington, "they are nuisances; there they will be missionaries." A small group of them—two or three per cent.—settle and prosper in trade near the coast; a few more squat, and manage to live, somewhat further in; and the great majority—nine-tenths or more—disappear by death, or by being conveyed up the rivers. Then the French contractors appear on the scene. They want free negro laborers for French colonies; and native chiefs, and some individuals more practised in business, supply them. Down come the helpless Americans from the interior, seduced on board, and then manacled, and carried off to Martinique or Gaudaloupe, to be "free American missionaries of civilization" among the plantation-hands.

But why will not those plantation-hands on the spot serve the purposes of the colony? Certain escaped Africans, who have made their way over to Dominica, have informed us. The imported Africans are paid nothing, and are made slaves of. No promises about wages, and about returning home, are observed; whereas the emancipated negroes on the spot must have wages, and the enjoyments of certain rights before the law. "Still, free labor *is* cheaper and better than slave labor under any form." True: let us get an explanation by looking in upon the British colonies, in the same seas. What do we see in the least prosperous of them—Jamaica?

We find here a continuation of the series of mad freaks in sporting with labor. We find a population of 75,000 able-bodied laboring men, and the same number of stout women ready for that sugar production, which at present employs only 15,000 laborers altogether. These laborers are not hired; and not being hired, they settle on land which their industry has acquired; so that, ten years since, there were at least 50,000 freeholders in Jamaica; and the number has increased largely since. Any or all of these tens of thousands of laborers would work on the plantations, on the easy terms of 1s. 6d. a day, punctually paid. The planters will pay only 9d. or, at most, 1s.; and they or their agents leave the wages unpaid for weeks and months together, lodge the laborers like cattle, or allow them to be charged rent three or four times over; and when the independent laborers decline such terms, and prefer to earn an easy competence at home, their baffilled employers call them lazy, clamor for governmental aid; obtain grants for purposes of labor-supply; tax the negro population for means to bring Chinamen, coolies from India, native negroes from Africa; and, after all, find the new supply a great expense—every coolie costing his employer 2s. a day, exclusive of lodging, over and above the cost of the many thousands who have died, and the thousands more who have turned pedlars, or mere vagabonds. Here is a new element introduced. The balloon voyager may look for transports laden with coolies, such as are now swarming in the Eastern seas. They are too often a miserable spectacle. Not always; for, if these shrewd mammon-worshippers know where they are going, and can make and enforce their own terms, as in the case of those who are thriving in the Mauritius, and making Mauritius thrive, the compact may be mutually advantageous. But such instances are rare; and the importation of Asiatics into European colonies where they are not wanted is a supreme cruelty. The fate of the coolies in the West Indies, and the proclamation of the American Ambassador in China, exposing the vile character of the traffic, illustrate the wicked folly of thrusting them into the place of the laborers born and bred in Jamaica. This is not all yet. There are two more scenes exciting wonder about Jamaica. While ship-loads of coolies have been poured out upon the shore, the vessels have been refilled by the negro laborers of the island. More going to and fro! And why? In Central America, where transit routes are making, wages are what the Jamaica employers will give to or spend upon Chinamen, but not the native laborers; so, while the laborers and masters together are taxed to bring in coolies who will cost above 2s. per day, the laborers are sailing away who would gladly remain for 2s. per day. Even this is not all. The Jamaica planters and their agents have just been treating with a furor of hospitality an American emissary, named Dalton, who has landed among them to offer an unlimited supply of free negroes from the United States, on the terms of ascription to the soil for three years, in consideration of a grant of crown land afterwards. Many questions arise here. Why should Jamaica have more negro freeholders, when she had 50,000 ten years ago? Why not use those she has? Because they will not be attached to the soil, for even three years? Then who can answer for the American negroes, that they will consent to it? Can Mr. Dalton produce credentials, to show that he is their agent? So far from it that the free negroes of the American Union have just been repeating, with all possible emphasis, their determination not to emigrate on any pretence whatever. Again, we discover something, in recent Southern newspapers, which casts a clear light on the true nature of Mr. Dalton's commission. We observe that in North Carolina a grand jury has presented the free negroes as nuisances who must be got rid of, in order to the security of slavery; and it is recommended that they be deported beyond seas, or sold away into other States—the proceeds of this sale of free American citizens being appropriated to the fabrication of a new literature suitable to Southern institutions—the literature of Europe and of New England being hostile to the interests of slaveholders. It is to be hoped that both the British and American governments are observing this course of events, to prevent mischief. Free negroes must not be illegally expatriated for the benefit of slaveholders; nor may slaves be sold away when too cheap to answer at home, under pretence of Jamaica immigration; and again, our Government, which disallowed the Jamaica Immigration Bill of last year, must remain on the watch, to prevent the reëstablishment of slavery under the name of a contract with persons incompetent to form such engagements.

We might go on through many columns with our illustrations; but we have said enough. It is only necessary to point out that, amidst all this fetching and carrying, the right kind and amount of labor is, as far as we know, everywhere on the spot, placed at our disposal by those natural laws of society which work better for us than any devices which would counteract them. In the American States, there are (as prices now show) more laborers than the work of the hour demands. If they were paid wages, and employed in a businesslike way, they would all be needed, all who deserve it would be happy and satisfied, the planters would begin to rise in the world, and their lands would emerge from their present desolation. The African coast would be civilized in a better way than by having exhausted and degraded slaves or reluctant exiles poured out upon it; for legitimate trade and cheerful industry spring up, and now flourish bravely, wherever the slave trade is precluded. The English and French colonies would find laborers enough at command to educe more wealth than coolies and barbaric Africans ever create, at any cost; and, as for eastern countries, the Chinese and the Indian coolies would find their way where their own interests led them—to gold fields or sugar islands—to California or Sydney, to Sarawak or the Mauritius, as they pleased. What can be so simple as to use the means under every man's hand, and let affairs take their course? What so easy? But therein lies the mystery; a mystery to the balloon observer, perhaps; but not to eye-witnesses of slavery and its results. "Men hate those whom they have injured"; and slaveholders cannot endure to treat as free men the very individuals, families or race of those whom they once oppressed. Hence the race and chase, the absurd and abominable game of hide and seek, now going on like a dismal joke, all round the world. It is no joke to the victims deported; no joke to the impoverished employers; no joke (though they suffer least) to the insulted resident population of laborers; no joke to the peoples whose rulers are telling lies in council, and breaking treaties on the sly, and striving to undo in a day the noblest work of reform ever achieved, after the labors and sacrifices of sixty years. How can the despots on thrones and in plantation mansions be brought to their senses, and their supple agents under the shock of the world's contempt? By an exposure of the facts, in the first place; and, next, by vigilance in enforcing laws and treaties, and vigor in working under these natural laws which it is our present business to assert, and which it will always be madness to defy.—*London Spectator.*

SANDIFORD—LAY—BENEZET.

JUST a century and a quarter ago, there died near Philadelphia the earliest Apostle of Emancipation in America, Ralph Sandiford by name. Born at Liverpool in 1693, he was cut off at the early age of forty, in the midst of a warfare against slavery and the slave trade, so ably conducted as to draw down upon him the severest condemnation of that then continental metropolis. The Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania threatened him with the severest legal penalties if he persisted in circulating one of his stinging pamphlets against the traffic. Other interests also assailed him—merchants, shipowners, and almost every other class, for all were steeped directly or indirectly in that sum of all villanies. Even the Society of Friends, then the dominant sect in Pennsylvania, were buyers and owners of slaves. They had borne no collective testimony against the sinfulness of the practice, and had limited their recommendations in regard to it to enjoining that their members should properly clothe, feed and educate those whom they held. The true light had not yet broken in upon them as a religious body. Sandiford was the first to denounce the trade in all its height and depth, demanding that not only Friends should cut loose from it, but that negro slavery should be utterly abolished. The traffic had spread its roots into every colony, and many were the interests to be overturned by the success of emancipation. But he spurned the threats of all; rejected the most tempting offers of pecuniary advantage; battled with an iron will against the great iniquity, until his mental energies were almost prostrated by the persecuting hostility of his opponents; and, to the shame of Philadelphia, he was finally driven out of the city, and sheltered himself in a log hut nine miles therefrom. Here he lived a life of Christian purity, his hut a refuge to all of the oppressed who sought it, and died in peace with the world, a martyr to persecution. So remarkable were his efforts to arouse public opinion that the rude stone at the head of his grave contained the honorable memorial, "He bore a testimony against the negro trade."

Cotemporaneous with Sandiford was Benjamin Lay, also a Philadelphia Friend. Establishing himself in business at Barbadoes, when forty years of age, the horrors of the slave traffic which he there witnessed enlisted his sympathies to an extent that absorbed his whole nature. From that moment he vowed an inextinguishable hostility to it; left no agency untried to render it odious; devoted his life and substance to the work; drew down upon him the vengeance of the slave-owners, and after a heroic contest of thirteen years' duration was compelled to leave Barbadoes for an almost equally inhospitable refuge in Philadelphia. There he landed just two years before the death of Sandiford. Though the slaves in Pennsylvania were at that time treated with a mildness that contrasted strongly with the fierce tyranny of a Barbadoes plantation, yet he relaxed nothing of his sturdy denunciations. Almost alone, he went on undismayed, laboring by pen and press to enlighten public sentiment. He adopted the most outré plans to rouse it. He exhorted the people in public gatherings, and stung the slaveholders in the sharp invectives of his numerous pamphlets. He traversed the country on foot, perhaps the earliest missionary for Emancipation in America, everywhere bearing testimony in what he ate, drank, or wore, against the sin of slavery. With him originated the first public proposition to commute the punishment of death into imprisonment for life. He was an early and zealous pleader against the use of ardent spirits. Just before the close of this excellent man's career, he was called on by one who deeply sympathized with him in all his labors, to tell him that the Society of Friends had at last come to the determination of disowning every member who persisted in the practice of holding slaves. This was when the Patriarch of Emancipation was in his eighty-second year. It was the first ripe fruit of the abundant harvest which, during nearly half a century, he had so laboriously sown. He died the same year.

The mantle of these two prophetic spirits fell on Anthony Benezet, a native of France, but also a Philadelphia Friend, to which city he emigrated in his eighteenth year. Few men have lived so blameless a life. Every thought of his brain, every pulsation of his heart, was for the good of his fellow-creatures. He rejected brilliant commercial prospects that he might devote his time to the unfortunate. Especially toward the negro in bondage did the sympathies of his generous soul flow out with unstinted liberality. He left no means untried to enlighten the public conscience to the enormities of slavery. He subsidized the Almanacs which Franklin published, and used their large circulation to disseminate his views. He wrote and printed innumerable tracts, and scattered large editions of them at his own expense. One of these publications, "An Historical Account of Guinea," was the providential instrument for abolishing the English slave trade. A copy of it fell by accident into the hands of Thomas Clarkson, then seeking facts for a dissertation before the University of Cambridge on the question

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

TO DONORS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANNIVERSARY.

WE devote nearly two pages of the present issue to Mr. Parkhurst's faithful Report of the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society at its Twenty-second Anniversary, held last week in West Chester. Illness having prevented us from attending the meeting, our only knowledge of its character is derived from this report and from the testimony of those who were so fortunate as to be participators in the proceedings. The information thus derived, however, is of the most satisfactory kind. The reporter's account—necessarily much condensed—will speak for itself. A member of the Society gives us a general description of the meeeting, from which we are at liberty to copy as follows:

"Our meeting was an admirable one. Not so large nor, perhaps, so enthusiastic as some we have held in times past; but never have we held a better one. It was a solid meeting, made up of substantial and earnest people. There was a grave dignity and high-toned spirituality in its proceedings which distinguished it from common gatherings. The speakers seemed impressed with the seriousness of the occasion, and the people listened with corresponding attention. Mr. GARRISON was weighty and powerful, as usual. His words were "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Mr. BLEBY's account of the workings of emancipation in the West Indies was of thrilling interest. I wish he could go all through the States repeating it; it would be an invaluable help to the cause. Though not what would be called an orator, he is a most interesting speaker. His appearance is prepossessing, his voice rich and sonorous, and his words well chosen and impressive. Altogether his presence added much to the interest of the meeting.

"But the occasion was not left to depend on foreign aid for its interest. Our own speakers, THOMAS WHITSON, LUCRETIA MOTT, HENRY GREW, SIMPSON PRESTON, ROBERT COLLYER, MARY GREW, JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, THOMAS GARRETT, ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, and J. M. McKIM took an active part in the meeting and contributed their full share to its profitableness. None of them spoke better or more to the purpose than Elizabeth Williams. Though illiterate, she is a woman of strong sense and high-toned feeling, and when she speaks she is sure to make an impression. But I need not describe the proceedings; you will have them, and, if not too much condensed, they will speak for themselves.

"The Annual Report was a document possessing some historical interest, but rather long for publication in full in your columns. It traces the anti-slavery movement in Pennsylvania from its earliest organic origin to the present time—marking its several stages of rise, culmination and decline; noticing its temporary obscuration after the Missouri struggle, its revival in 1831, and the successive stages of its progress from that time to this; deriving from the whole lessons of instruction, reproof and encouragement.

"The amount of funds collected was not large, not much effort having been made to that end; but a Committee of twenty-five was appointed to complete the work by canvassing their several neighborhoods; and from the readiness with which they allowed themselves to be set apart for the duty, there is reason to believe that it will be well and promptly performed.

"Altogether it was a most excellent meeting, reviving, encouraging, strengthening; in short, one of the best we have ever held."

We regret our inability to publish the Annual Report this week. It shall have a place in our next.

GERRIT SMITH IN NEW YORK.—The announcement that Gerrit Smith would present himself as a candidate for Governor, to answer any pertinent interrogatories that might be addressed to him, attracted a large audience to the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening, the 6th inst. The character of Mr. Smith as a wealthy philanthropist, the novelty of his political views, and his reputation for elcquence are sufficient to account for the public curiosity to hear him, without supposing that any considerable number of voters are likely to give him their suffrages. We believe, however, that he made a strong impression upon a large portion of his audience—an impression favorable to himself as a man of high integrity, and, to a certain extent, to the cause of which he is the champion. The interrogatories addressed to him were various, leading him into a pretty full development of his peculiar theories of civil government and his views of public questions. His assertion of the doctrine of human brotherhood as lying at the basis of all just government commended itself to the unperverted moral sense of his audience, and his claim that the right of suffrage inhered alike in whites and blacks and men and women must have appeared to all as no more than a just inference from such premises. His denunciations of slavery and the Fugitive Slave law were, of course, unequivocal and hearty; and it was encouraging to note the cheers that followed his avowal that, if elected Governor, he would protect the fugitive bondman by all the military power at his command. His criticisms of the Republican party were, for the most part, fair and truthful. But we must confess that the flippancy with which he spoke of the taking of human life—of "shedding rivers of blood"—and particularly his sneers at the "rose-water philanthropy" which revolts from war and the gallows as barbarous and anti-Christian, both shocked and disgusted us. His opposition to the public school system, though the logical result of his theory that government has no right to do anything but protect life and property, will not commend him to public favor. It will not be easy to convince enlightened and reflective men that the Virginia and South Carolina system of education is superior to that of New England and New York.

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.—From the partial returns received up to this time (Wednesday p. m.) it appears that the People's party (constituted by a fusion of Republicans, Know-Nothings and Douglas Democrats) has beaten the Buchanan Democracy of Pennsylvania upon the State ticket (for Judge of Supreme Court and Canal Commissioner) and in a majority of the Congressional Districts. Thaddeus Stevens is elected to Congress by some 3,000 majority. John Hickman is reelected in the Chester District, and Owen Jones, a supple tool of the President, is defeated in the Fifth District. Tom Florence, we are sorry to say, is reelected in the First District. We have not room for further particulars.

E. H. HEYWOOD, at the request of friends of the cause, will hold himself in readiness to speak for the slave as opportunities may be presented. He has permission to refer to Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE of Andover, Mass., WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., of Boston, and Rev. Dr. CHEEVER of New York. His post-office address for the present will be Hubbardston, Mass.

To relieve himself of a debt incurred in pursuing his studies, Mr. H. will be glad to speak before Lyceums, if occasion is offered. His subject for the coming winter will be, *Individualism and Institutionalism.*

THE JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION, at Syracuse, on the 1st inst., was well attended. Gerrit Smith presided, read an address and offered a series of resolutions. Speeches were made by Frederick Douglass, T. W. Higginson, Abram Pryne, Wm. Goodell and Rev. S. J. May. Mr. May read an interesting letter from L. Maria Child.

AMONG the articles which we have not space to publish this week is a letter—racy as usual—from our Boston Correspondent.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Reported for THE STANDARD by HENRY M. PARKHURST.

THE Twenty-second Anniversary of this Society was held in West Chester, and commenced its session upon Wednesday, Oct. 6.

JAMES MOTT, the President of the Society, in calling the meeting to order, remarked that although they had labored for twenty-two years for the abolition of slavery, yet slavery continued to exist; but he hoped that those who should live to labor twenty-two years longer would see it abolished.

On motion of J. M. McKIM, Simon Barnard was appointed Secretary pro tem.

On motion of J. M. McKim, the President was requested to designate eight persons to serve as a Business Committee. The following were appointed: Thomas Garrett, Mary Grew, Thomas Whitson, J. M. McKim, Chas. Peirce, Harriet Purvis, Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Lucretia Mott.

LUCRETIA MOTT said that the remark of the President had led her to take a rapid review of the labor performed by the Society, and of the magnitude of the work, to see whether they were unprofitable servants, and had done so little of their duty. Upon entering the cars this morning, she could not help counting, and found that the City of Philadelphia, with its hundred thousand inhabitants, had sent less than fifty to attend this meeting. And now to find so few present to manifest their interest in this reform seemed a little discouraging, and to require a great deal of faith to persevere. On the other hand, comparing the condition of the country now with its condition in the early days of the reform, observing the change in relation to this subject in the religious world, in the political world, and the social circle, she thought they ought to be greatly encouraged; their labor had had its effect, if not in calling together a large assembly, in moulding the opinions and sentiments of the people. There are laborers of various kinds in the field; and although they may not all come up to the high standard of this Society, yet they all rest upon the foundation of love, mercy and justice; and so far as they are consistent with that, their measures would have a good effect.

Looking at the government, we see the result of anti-slavery effort. The fabric is perpetually tottering. Every wind of political doctrine which assails it shakes it to its foundation, because it is based upon the compromises of the Constitution. It is impossible that it should rest secure or make any progress while those compromises exist.

Even, therefore, if the Anti-Slavery Conventions should diminish in numbers, they should persevere and take courage. So great is the glorious temple of liberty that the heaven of heavens cannot contain it; how much less these little organizations, these houses that we have builded. Our strength is not to be measured by the numbers that circumstances may bring together.

SIMON BARNARD said that there were local reasons which had to some extent interfered with a large convocation. This organization might fulfil its destiny and pass away even, but they could still be encouraged, for their principles were world-wide and must endure. The slavery question had become the question of the age.

J. M. McKIM suggested that the small attendance this morning had arisen from the prevalent habit of waiting for the organization, and he believed that before the sessions were ended there would be now, as in times past, a goodly attendance upon this meeting. He explained political reasons also why the attendance was small this morning.

Mr. GARRISON said they had begun the movement with an empty house, and might possibly terminate it with one. It was not a question of numbers, but of fidelity and zeal in the principles they had laid down. In the history of the past we find that great achievements are not wrought by great numbers, but usually by a very small body of people; that it does not take many to move the world. Their cause was one which could not be put down. The last man in the world to talk about the uncertainty of this struggle was the Abolitionist. It was their opponents who were in trouble and discouraged. He alluded to the fact that for the last three years, during his travels and addresses, while making the subject of disunion a prominent topic, he had not found a single person who dared to come forward upon a free platform, and defend the Constitution of the United States, as it has always been understood and enforced in this country. Only here and there some one would creep upon the platform to endeavor to prove by a sort of chop-logic that it is an anti-slavery document, and therefore not open to the objection that was made against it. The language also which they had used in reference to the Constitution, formerly so frightful and so distasteful, was now listened to with great earnestness, and again and again the audience have spontaneously given their warm admiration to the strongest sentiments uttered against the Union and blood-stained Constitution. The Constitution might now be literally given to the consuming fire in the presence of thousands of people, and there would be none to molest or to wince at it. These changes in the public sentiment he regarded as full of significance. It was true that since the establishment of this Society two millions had been added to the number of the slaves; that slavery had been lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes by large additions of slave territory; that now the Southern mask was entirely thrown aside, and the most horrible doctrines were advocated with regard to slavery. But it was to be remembered also that twenty-two years ago the idea of liberty in this country was a mere Bunker Hill sentiment, as against Old England, and not a clear perception of the rights of man or of the doctrine of equality to be carried out all over the world and among all people.

There was every reason for encouragement. The danger was that they might become satisfied with side issues and overlook the necessity of still devoting their energies to the deliverance of the slave. They were comparatively at ease in Zion; the old stormy days of mobocracy had gone forever. But the war was not yet ended, and, however encouraged by past results, they should not lower their standard until victory was complete.

After some further remarks in relation to business arrangements, the Convention adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m.

Wednesday Afternoon.

The Convention was called to order by the President.

MARY GREW, from the Business Committee, reported two resolutions (Nos. 1 and 2), and William Lloyd Garrison, from the same Committee, three resolutions (Nos. 4, 5 and 6), for the consideration of the Convention. These resolutions will be found in another column, in connection with the others subsequently reported.

J. MILLER MCKIM submitted the Annual Report, which was listened to with deep interest and satisfaction.

[We are compelled, for lack of room, to defer the publication of the Report till next week.]

Mr. GARRISON said that the South was a good example of fidelity and uncompromising spirit. The South has drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard. The South has burned the bridge and talks not of retreat. The South says, Slavery forever, all over the continent, to the ends of the earth, and to the crack of doom; slavery to be vindicated at all hazards; slavery uppermost always. The friends of freedom would do well to draw the inspiration of such zeal, even from the South. He could not help admiring such fidelity, such determination, and it was the only thing which he could find in the slaveholders to respect—their Satanic consistency, their never getting weary in their work of diabolism. They believe in serving the devil, and they serve him with their whole heart and their whole strength, in season and out of season. We, who claim to be the Lord's freemen (said Mr. G.), certainly ought to be up and doing, to be inspired by sentiments of justice and liberty, and to make them always paramount, to be always awake, never to sleep in the struggle; always observing where there is a tendency to compromise justice by one hair's-breadth, and ready to exorcise the foul spirit of compromise out of the community, out of the land, and ultimately out of the world.

It had been said, in the Report, that Franklin, at an early period, had put himself at the head, not of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, or of any Society for the abolition of slavery, but of one with a humane object in view. Let him have credit for that; but he remembered that Franklin had also given in his adhesion to the slaveholding Constitution under which we live; he remembered that Franklin made no protest against the continuance of the slave trade upon the coast of Africa for twenty years; that he gave his consent to the slaveholding oligarchy in Congress; that he consented that Pennsylvania should be slavehunting ground; and he considered this a large abatement of his respect for Benjamin Franklin. What if these men had signed away *our* liberties; what if they had consigned us to the auction-block; would not our estimate of them be very different from what it is now? The sin of sins with us is that we do not bring the question home to our own souls and to our own firesides. No matter how great these men are historically. Before God and by the standard of eternal justice they were convicted of being man-stealers, either by complicity or directly, and this was a large abatement of their merits.

Mr. Garrison regarded this nation as thoroughly unprincipled. If convenient to serve the Lord, we would serve him; but if inconvenient, we would do the best we could and not serve him. It was always a bargain and a compromise, so much for so much. Slavery was not considered a sin after all; it was not regarded as other sins. To his mind it always came full of blood and wickedness, pollution, blasphemy against God, treason against the eternal law, and therefore he hated it at all times with his whole soul. He hated it more than mere highway robbery, arson, burglary, or any other sin, for it was all crimes in one. He believed that there was a great lack of personal deep concern for those who are pro-slavery. If one of our acquaintance should be engaged in picking pockets, or in forgery, we should be deeply concerned for him; and yet he would better be a pickpocket or a forger than a pro-slavery man, or even an apologist for slavery. We ought to agonize in regard to the condition of those around us who are pro-slavery. To be for slavery was to be for robbery, for lewdness, for murder, for heathenism, for all other abominations which are the legitimate outgrowth of the tree of slavery. We ought to proclaim to them that they can have no just hope of heaven; that for them to expect God to hear their prayers unless they repent is a terrible delusion; that they are essentially dishonest, practically tyrants; that the blood of those who are in bondage is upon their garments, no matter how respectable they may be, no matter what their religious character might seem. If, before God, they are pro-slavery, they can have no hope of heaven in that state of mind. We should not treat it as a mere peccadillo, a mere bagatelle, but with fidelity. It is impossible that one who loves God, and therefore loves his fellow men, should see the horrible transformation of our common humanity into perishable property and care nothing for it.

Mr. Garrison was pleased to see that the Annual Report had been made so thoroughly a State matter. Massachusetts must do her part of the work, and Pennsylvania hers; neither can do the work of the other. It was of no special consequence here what was the opinion or the position of South Carolina; but it was of very great importance what was the position of Pennsylvania. There ought to be no cooperation between Pennsylvania and the South. But Pennsylvania was in peace with Georgia and Carolina, and hostile to the abolition movement, strongly hostile, politically hostile, religiously hostile, hostile in every way and everywhere. The people in Pennsylvania were pro-slavery, and it was for that reason that the Society was so small, its funds so limited, and its means of action so circumscribed. The clergy of Pennsylvania were not watchmen upon the walls of Zion, blowing a certain sound, but their sympathies were with the demoralized public sentiment. Abolition was everywhere opposed by the great mass of the people; not that they know much, if anything, upon this subject, one way or the other, but that they are in the hands of the demagogues, wolves in sheep's clothing, who array them against our movement.

The proscription of the colored citizens of the States he considered as a shame and a disgrace, and the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania ought to bend their energies more directly to the repeal of the constitutional provision which thus proscribed a portion of the State. He who would not unite in removing this disability was an unprincipled man and a tyrant. In the old Bay State he thanked God that the colored citizen stood as high politically as any other man. Under the Bill of Rights in the Constitution of Massachusetts he was qualified politically to fill any office in the gift of the people. He might be a governor there, if the people chose to elect him; there was no proscription whatever; and he was proud of the old Bay State that upon that point they had done justice. He could not claim that the people of Massachusetts had divested themselves of all prejudice; alas, there remained a social prejudice crowding the negro to the wall, and placing him lower in the public estimation. But it was a great thing to lead the way in regard to the constitution and laws, and to get them right. In Pennsylvania the colored citizen was still proscribed. The Abolitionists of Pennsylvania need not go far off to the South to find slaveholding oppressors; they were in the midst of a people countenancing slavery by their proscription of the colored people.

Nor was there an anti-slavery journal in this magnificent State. Why should not the slaveholders rejoice and believe everything possible for them to accomplish in Pennsylvania? It was an index of the want of interest of the people of the State in this subject; and it was the duty of every one to do his part in creating that interest and awakening the people to its importance.

Lord Palmerston said, upon a certain occasion, Opinion is stronger than the fire of the artillery and the bayonets of the infantry. The 500,000 men in France, constituting the army of France, are numerically strong; but they exist only through the opinion of France. When France, by opinion, says they shall not be, they will not be. Opinion, therefore, is greater than the army; it makes the army; it sustains the army.

We have no quietism (said Mr. Garrison) in our cause; no making an abstract testimony against slavery, and there stopping. As a body we are not politicians. We have withdrawn measurably from the political contests of the day. The doctrine of disunion leads us out of all these things. What for? That we may lie down and slumber? I take it rather to increase the obligation to labor to show the rottenness of political action, to show how impossible it is for any real issue to be met at the ballot-box. We are not to regard it as a matter of small concern whether we shall go on voting upon some side issue, leaving the great question of the continuance of slavery untouched. And so religiously, some have withdrawn their connection with the Churches of the day; but shall we be therefore idle? I tell you, nay. Our business is to cry aloud and spare not. Upon the right and upon the left there is work enough to be done. No one need to ask what he can do or what he can say; there is more work than he can possibly achieve, and we ought to pray to God to send more laborers into the field, that the work may be carried successfully forward.

Mr. Garrison would have no time spent in arguing the sinfulness of slavery. He would not admit for one moment that it was a question open for discussion. It was a self-evident truth, not to be brought within the arena of metaphysics or logic.

The Report was adopted and ordered to be printed.

THOMAS WHITSON made a few remarks, in which he stated that at the time of the Convention to revise the State Constitution the proposition was made by a Quaker, against his earnest remonstrance, to insert the word "white" in that instrument, so as to prevent the colored citizen from voting. That proposition prevailed. He had voted against the new Constitution, and had never voted since.

Mrs. BETSEY WILLIAMS (a colored woman) said that as she was unaccustomed to extemporaneous public speaking, she had prepared in writing some remarks intended for her colored brethren and sisters, which she had brought for the purpose of reading; but she was sorry to perceive that none of that class were present, and she commented upon the apathy of the colored people themselves with regard to the efforts made in their behalf. She proceeded to say that she loved her country, that her love for it was taught her by her parents and brothers. Her grandfather had fought in the Revolution, her father and brothers in the war of 1812, in defence of what they believed to be their country. Her father, when he took up arms against the British forces, had never dreamed that his wife and children would ever be obliged to fly to that very British government for safety, but so it had been. She loved the State of Delaware, the State in which she had been brought up and had spent her life; if anybody said anything against that State, her dander was up in a moment. But by the laws still upon the statute book, if she should remain away from that State for sixty days and then return, she could be fined $50, and in default of payment she could be sold into slavery for a term of years not exceeding seven. Her oath would not be received in the Courts except in evidence of debt. And if any one were to lose fifty cents and charge it upon her, and if a fifty cent piece were found in her possession, if the laws were enforced, she could be whipped thirty lashes, and sold into slavery for a term not exceeding seven years. She could not rest contented under such laws. She was in a situation where she had an opportunity to speak often upon the subject of slavery, and she never failed to do so. The gentleman who employed her had sent her word that if she did not keep quiet, she would have to leave her situation; but she could not do it. If she were certain that she should be compelled to leave her situation for standing here to-day, she could not keep her tongue still, for she felt it to be her duty to speak.

People said to her sometimes that the colored people ought to be thankful for slavery, because it had been the means of Christianizing them; that they had been brought from Africa into this Christian land, where they could learn of God, and the Bible, and heaven. She believed that every slave that went to heaven from a Southern plantation went not in consequence of slavery, but in spite of it. Every effort of slavery was to bar heaven's door against them. They were not allowed even to learn to read the name of their Maker, and there were severe penalties inflicted upon any white person who should undertake to teach them. And slavery, in all its dealings with them, stood in the way of their learning their duties or practising them. If they reached heaven, it was not by the aid of slavery, but in spite of it.

One great obstacle to anti-slavery reform was want of sympathy with the colored people. It was assumed that they had not the feelings of human beings. It was often said that they did not want to be free. But when a slave performed any unusually meritorious act, what was his reward? Was it a nice dinner, or a new suit of clothes? No, they knew, notwithstanding all that they said to the contrary, that the slave loved liberty, and that the highest reward which they could give a slave was his freedom. True, they might sometimes have comfortable homes, where they had lived from infancy; they might have grown up with kind masters and mistresses; and they might not like to be turned away from those homes. But still they wanted their freedom. Even the petted son of the white man would pride himself when he was twenty-one, and became free; not because he wished to leave the home of his boyhood, but from the natural love of liberty. And so with the slaves; they might love their homes, but they loved freedom.

Slaveholders and apologists for slavery would not argue the question of slavery itself, but at once would bring up individual cases, to show the happiness and the comfort of the slaves. But they overlooked the fact that the colored people have the feelings and affections of mankind. When God takes the infant of the white woman home to himself in heaven, the mother mourns its loss; but they justify a system which tears the babe from the colored woman's arms, and carries it away where she can never see it again, to live a life of slavery. When the husband sees his wife stricken down by sickness and death, although she may die in all the hopes and prospects of a glorious immortality, he grieves for his loss; but they justify a system which tears the wife from the husband, and sends her away into a condition worse than death, and where he can never hope to see her or hear from her again. If these apologists for slavery could be brought to realize that colored people have the same affections with white people, if they could be brought to sympathize with them, one great obstacle to their restoration to freedom would be removed.

Another defence of slavery was sought for in the condition of the poorer classes of the North. It was admitted that the condition of the poor whites of the North was superior to that of the Irish peasantry or the factory girls of England. But the Irishman could still say that he was his own, body and soul; or if his soul was given to the Catholic priest, as was sometimes said, it was given to the priest by himself and not by Queen Victoria, or any one else. And if one of those factory girls should choose to leave her situation to seek for better things in this country, Queen Victoria dared not send for that factory girl to carry her back.

She repeated that she was sorry that the colored people took no more interest in these meetings; that they had not learned their importance to them and their race, but hoped that there would be more present before the session should close.

The Convention, after a few remarks relative to the business of the evening, took a recess until 7 o'clock.

Wednesday Evening.

The evening session was occupied by an eloquent narration, by the Rev. HENRY BLEBY, of the results of the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies. His remarks were a complete refutation of the assertion that it had proved a failure, and indicated the policy and wisdom of the plan of immediate emancipation. Having already published in THE STANDARD of August 14, another speech containing a similar statement, and our space forbidding a full report, we refer our readers to that paper.

Thursday Morning, Oct. 7.

The Convention was called to order by the President, and prayer was offered by Rev. HENRY GREW.

The Treasurer made the following annual report:

The Treasurer in account with Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society from October 1st, 1857, to October 1st, 1858.

DR.

To Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society	$1,150 00
To Clarkson " " " "	30 00
To Individual subscriptions	1,546 54
To Publishing Agent	1,266 75
To Sales	243 69
To Rent of Rooms	172 00
To Lectures	213 50
	$4,622 48

CR.

By Agents	$1,765 77
By American Anti-Slavery Society	1,986 75
By books	157 61
By Rent of Office	175 00
By Sundries	537 35
	$4,622 48

SARAH PUGH, Treasurer.

The report was ordered to be audited by the President.

On motion of J. MILLER MCKIM, the President was requested to nominate four persons to act as a Finance Committee. The President appointed Chandler Darlington, Simon Barnard, Alice Jackson and Grace Anna Lewis.

Mr. GARRISON reported resolutions, Nos. 7 and 8, from the Business Committee.

MARY GREW reported the third resolution, from the Business Committee.

HENRY GREW made a few remarks in favor of immediate, unconditional emancipation, and against making any compromise upon this point.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE spoke of the rich blessings which the anti-slavery cause had brought to those who had enlisted in it, in their intercourse with each other during the past twenty years, and in awakening in their minds more enlightened views and feelings in regard to civil and religious liberty. But for this movement they might have remained torpid, wrapped up in sectarian shrouds. But it had come to them as a resurrection to a new life. At the time that Sims was carried back into slavery, there was but a single lamp burning in the street, and the men engaged in carrying him away cried out, "Put out that light." Slavery was a dark institution, hating the light, doing its deeds in black darkness. We had often been told that slavery in the West Indies was of a milder form than in this country; but the remarks of friend Bleby had revealed it as the same dark Satanic institution everywhere. There could be no compromise between light and darkness.

He narrated a circumstance which had struck him with specious force because the master and slave were members of the same Church. It had been published as a mere newspaper item of intelligence. The man was brought down to the edge of the Mississippi river, and his wife and children were with him to take their last farewell. He turned to his children and caressed them, and said, "Boys, be good; be obedient to your master." And then he turned, and the fire kindled in his eyes as he stood motionless and gazed upon his wife, uttering not a single word; but as he stood with his eyes fixed upon the loved object of his affection, the blood burst from his mouth and nostrils, and he fell down and died. This little circumstance, terrible beyond the possibility of words to express it, had been published with as little sympathy as if it were a mere statement of a horse running away and throwing a man from a vehicle. Our hearts were hardened; our hands were stained with blood; we were all involved in this great iniquity.

Mr. D. said he felt a deep reverence for religion. He was never ashamed to acknowledge that he believed in God and the divinity of his laws; but he was deeply mortified at the infidelity existing in the Churches which take the name of Christ upon their lips and yet deny him in their lives. If we have not the spirit of Christ, we are none of his. If we are asleep upon the great subject of human rights, we do not deserve the name of Christian. We are infidel to God and to the great principles of his government. The last light is put out, in order that that which is unholy may be sustained. We ought not to forget that the truth spoken from an earnest soul, though rough, like the unpolished diamond, reaches the witness God has put within us. It was useless to cry, "Lord, how long?" the Lord was ready for freedom, and it was blasphemy to wait for him to abolish slavery. We might as well ask him to send light into the world. He is sending light. The great sun is in the firmament; and if we shut up our windows and place ourselves in midnight darkness, it is our own fault. And as the sun is pressing to send in its rays to the dark places of the earth, so God is waiting to be gracious, waiting for us to do our duty in order that liberty may be proclaimed throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.

J. M. MCKIM said that the important matter for consideration here was the question, what are the duties of this Society in reference to the cause; not so much the general aspect of the movement as its aspect in the State of Pennsylvania. He desired the meeting to be a practical one. He had looked forward to it with a great deal of interest, and a great deal of expectation. There was a great deal to be done, and it was necessary to consider what their action should be. During these twenty-two years nothing had been done to which they could refer with pride and complacency. He had almost envied friend Garrison the privilege which he enjoyed of referring with justifiable complacency to what the Commonwealth in which he had been laboring, the old Bay State, had done. She has broken down the last relics of slavery, and has placed the colored man upon the same level with the white man before the law. He rejoiced that Mr. Garrison could say so much for Massachusetts. In Pennsylvania they could only speak with encouragement, not with pride, not with any considerable degree of complacency. In view of what was to be done, every friend of the cause would feel it a heavy burden upon his heart, not a burden of discouragement, but a burden of anxiety, that the most should be made upon this occasion of every means which they could adopt to promote the anti-slavery cause.

One of the duties of this Society was the enfranchisement of the free people of color in Pennsylvania. They are aliens here. They have no place in the law. They are people who, according to the judicial decision of the Supreme Court of the United States and according to the terms of the Constitution of this State, have no rights which the whites are bound to respect. It was their duty and should be their purpose to rectify this state of things, to regenerate the public sentiment, to extend to the colored people their rights. This was the duty of the Society, not of its Executive Committee, not of any individuals supposed to be leading members, but the duty of every man and woman belonging to the Society.

He had listened with deep interest to the touching and eloquent appeal of our colored friend and faithful coadjutor, Betsey Williams, of the State of Delaware. She complained of the want of sympathy for her race. It was true that we did not properly sympathize with them. We did not remember them who are in bonds as bound with them. We did not remember them who are outcast and despised, and treated as if possessed of no rights, as outcast and despised, and robbed of our rights with them. We may have a general feeling of that sort, but not in that deep and abiding manner which our consciences require. It was a shame that a woman like our sister, with a family history to refer to such as she has, with fathers and forefathers who have rendered valuable service to the State, that a woman with a capacity and a moral character infinitely above the legislators who have proscribed her, should be able to say that if she remained within the bounds of this State sixty days, and then returned to Delaware, to the house where she was born and bred, and where her forefathers had lived, and served their country, she would be liable to a fine, and if she could not or did not choose to pay it, she could be put up upon the steps of the State-house and sold into slavery. It is a shame; and it is incredible that we should associate with friends of this class and not feel a deeper sympathy for them. We should look at these cases in detail. We should make ourselves familiar with the grievances to which they are subjected; and then see if we can rest easy without doubling and quadrupling our efforts for the rectification of such a state of things.

Mr. McKim proceeded to narrate the circumstances attending the escape from slavery of a young woman, and the sufferings she had endured. When she first reached Philadelphia in safety, she was bright and jubilant. She was free. It seemed impossible that she could really have suffered much, and, indeed, she herself made light of what she had passed through. But two or three days afterwards she seemed ten years older, miserable and sick from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, wounded and bruised, so much that it was doubtful whether she could safely be carried beyond the reach of pursuit. But she recovered and passed on to Canada. This was but one of a hundred similar cases. Now, if we could put ourselves in her stead, remembering that there are four millions in this same condition, if we could appreciate her sacrifices for freedom, colored people would not need to call upon us for deeper sympathy and for more active efforts in behalf of the slave.

Our ultimate object, said he, is the abolition of slavery. But this is a great object, hardly comprehensible. It is not a motive to stimulate us to daily labor; that is to say, it has not sufficient locality and point to be a daily and hourly stimulus to us. Our particular duty is the conversion of the people of Pennsylvania to the anti-slavery doctrine; not that I suppose we could persuade all the people of Pennsylvania, if we should live a thousand years, to adopt formally all the doctrines in detail which this Society holds. But we wish and intend to put this State under the dominant influence of anti-slavery doctrines. We intend to bring about a better time, when the prevailing spirit of the people of Pennsylvania, as manifested in its legislative and ecclesiastical action, will make her an anti-slavery State. This is the work, not of the officers or permanent individuals, but of the men and women who compose its whole membership. I am afraid there is too much dependence on a few persons supposed to have more time, opportunity or talent to do the work. Perhaps our Executive Committee are chargeable with fault, in this respect, in inviting Mr. Garrison and others to come here and do the work we ought to do ourselves. Perhaps I should not have mentioned him, for he is one of us, both because he is a citizen of the world, and therefore a citizen of Pennsylvania, and because he began his course by the cooperation of Pennsylvanians. I have never felt entirely satisfied, therefore, when he has not been present at our meetings. But perhaps there is too much dependence upon anti-slavery agents outside of our State. Our friends from abroad cannot do our work. We cannot delegate it to others. We must each do our own part.

Some say, I have not time; I am engrossed in business; I must leave that to some of you who have more time. We have some friends in Philadelphia who try to buy off by giving liberally while they do absolutely nothing. This is a great mistake. We cannot substitute money for work. Much as the Executive Committee values the pecuniary assistance needful to carry on the operations of the Society, I think I can say for them that they prefer the hearty cooperation of men and women without money to the absence of cooperation combined with giving even liberally. If we must choose between money and work, give us the work and keep your money.

Much had been said about the value of organization. Mr. McKim thought they had machinery enough at present for the power to work it. What was emphatically needed in Pennsylvania was that determined anti-slavery spirit which would make the machinery they had available, that spirit which would make a coadjutor of the cause of every individual, man or woman, old or young, who professed adherence to the movement. It would not do to be content, as many are apt to be, with an honest confession that we do not do enough, there letting it rest.

He had always blushed that Pennsylvania had cast her electoral vote for James Buchanan. The people had been cheated; banners had been paraded up and down the State, inscribed, "Buchanan, Brekenridge and Free Kansas"; but Pennsylvania ought not to have been so indifferent to freedom as to be cheated by such shabby pretences. Anti-slavery men were not entirely free from blame. They had not done enough in that political campaign, and they had a great deal to do in the present and in coming political campaigns, not as politicians, but growing out of their political relations to this subject, as they had duties growing out of their religious relations to the subject. The Abolitionists ought to guard against both the Quaker quietism and the Presbyterian fatalism. There were some who went so far in abstaining from political action as to go clean out of sight and to be of very little use to the cause. Others would say, God will bring it out all right in his own good time; everything is tending toward abolition; the Fugitive Slave law has done more good than any of your Societies, and another Kansas and Nebraska bill would do more good than anything else. This language might have an anti-slavery sound, but that was all. What made the Fugitive Slave law necessary? It was simply the fact that the anti-slavery feeling had become so great that the old law could not be enforced. And any good which appeared to come from the Kansas act really came from the anti-slavery feeling which was stirred up and stimulated into action, not created, by that act. As to those who were so afraid of doing wrong that they had become disconnected with the movement, he thought that they would better do wrong than do nothing; not morally wrong, but injudicious action was better than doing nothing at all.

He stated, in behalf of the Executive Committee, that whenever the people of any place desired to get up an anti-slavery meeting, in any part of Pennsylvania and at any time, and wished for a lecturer, they would provide that some one should be sent to attend that meeting. The Abolitionists might call such meetings, and he hoped that the opportunity would not be neglected.

HENRY GREW remarked that he believed that by injudicious action they would injure the cause they have at heart, and prejudice others against it.

MARY GREW said: Last night, as we listened to the thrilling account of slavery in the West Indies and the recovered freedom there, how our souls all thrilled in response to those words; how our hearts beat in sympathy with the sufferers, weeping with them that wept, and how we rejoiced with unutterable joy with their rejoicing over the recorded boon of freedom. And as we remembered the sad condition of the slaves in our own country, how bitterly went up the cry from our inmost souls—How long, O, Lord, how long shall the oppressor triumph? How painfully and sadly came the reflection, these things are so, and Thou keepest silence. And was there not recorded a deep and earnest vow that henceforward we would make the cause of the slave our cause, that we would be more thoroughly consecrated to his service, that we would give more abundantly of our substance, that we would more abundantly labor, and that we would be faithful unto him even unto death? When we heard the accounts of those who have suffered as we have not been called upon to suffer, in behalf of the slave, did we not mourn our comparative apathy in his behalf?

Always, at these meetings, comes up the question, What are we doing for the slave? We are firmly convinced that slavery is a sin before God, and we speak loud and loud upon the duty of the slaveholder to emancipate his slaves. But ever comes back the question to us, if we will listen to it, What art thou doing for thy brother in bonds? What relations are we holding to him, and what relations to his master and oppressor? How is it when the election days come round? How is it with reference to your political parties? How is it with reference to the Churches? Do you give your votes to put into office those that oppress their fellow-men? Do you give in your adhesion to a government whose foot is upon the neck of the slave? Do you go up to the altar of your country and there swear allegiance, by yourselves or by another, to that government, and promise to protect and defend that constitution which compels you to send back the fugitive who may have escaped from his master unto you? Do you argue that it is better to help put in office one man rather than to permit a worse man to obtain that office? And how is it with your Church relations? Do you think that you will do more good remaining connected with a pro-slavery Church than by standing outside of it?

It seems to me that all this delusion about helping the slave by first giving in your adhesion to the government which oppresses him and tramples him under foot, grows out of a doctrine prevalent ever since the days of Adam, a doctrine once avowed by the only Church in the world, known and acknowledged to be such, the doctrine that men may do evil that good may come. This great delusion is not peculiar to the Church of Rome. It pervades all Protestantism. It pervades the Democratic party. It was always acted upon by the Whig party. It is acted upon by the Republican party. It is the life and soul of politics that you may do an evil if thereby you can achieve a greater good. Then comes the doctrine that men who believe that the slave has a right to his freedom, and that it is a sin to return the fugitive, may nevertheless promise to sustain the Constitution or may throw their votes into the ballot-box for one who will take an oath to sustain it. They quiet their consciences with the idea that they are thereby doing a greater good, that they may keep a worse man out of office, and thus do something for the cause of freedom.

If we could see this as we one day shall see it, when the clouds which now obscure our vision shall be blown away, in the light of another world, the question would be simply this: Is God competent to govern his own universe? What is doing right but obeying the laws which God has established for the moral government of the world? Shall a mortal man ask, Is it safe to do this, or is it best to do this? Could we not accomplish more good in some other way? Can we not bend those laws of right so that, under certain circumstances, that which God has made to be right will cease to be so, and so that what He has made to be wrong will become justifiable? These are the questions which are practically asked by many a man as he goes to the polls, after he has been convinced that the Constitution of the United States has pro-slavery compromises in it. It is only discussing the question, Is it safe to do right?

Our blood thrills at the loftiness of the sentiment of the old heathen writers, "Do justice

any other State. In a few years they refuse to say that it shall not go into Kansas. How long will it be before they will say they do not care where it goes? A new party may arise and take a higher ground; but down it will go in the same way. Why not? They have always done so, because at the very outset they have either taken their oath to do wrong, meaning to keep it, or taken it falsely, meaning to break it. How can any mortal man do either without lowering his own ideas of right, fitting himself to unite with politicians utterly without principle?

After a few further remarks, by Miss G., upon the importance of aiding the movement pecuniarily, and especially the present year in consequence of the commercial crisis of last year, the Convention took a recess until half-past 2 o'clock.

Thursday Afternoon.

The Convention having been called to order,

CHANDLER DARLINGTON remarked that he thought that the taking of newspapers partially anti-slavery had been hardly dealt with. He was in favor of supporting anti-slavery papers, but saw no impropriety in taking others also.

Mrs. MOTT explained that she had intended to refer to ceasing to support anti-slavery papers, because the others were partially so. She then proceeded to speak in favor of the fourth resolution. The axe must be laid at the root of the tree. It would not be wise to spend so much effort in lopping the branches that we could make none to destroy the root. We might rejoice that so many fugitive slaves, through our aid, were enabled to go on to a land of freedom; but the means of the Anti-Slavery Society should not be used in such political efforts. They should be expended in direct attacks upon the system itself. She proceeded to speak of the position of the colored people in Pennsylvania. She trusted that Betsey Williams would succeed in bringing her address before the colored people and awaking their interest. It would be well if they would draw up a memorial to the Legislature of the State asking them to provide for an amendment of the Constitution so that they might be enabled to vote. Their condition was already becoming ameliorated. They were now educated in colored schools, aided by their own people. They already, by taxation in Philadelphia, contributed more than sufficient for the support of their poor; the statistics showing that the taxes they pay are partly used in supporting the white poor of that city. But much remained to be done. It was not a question of color, but a question of condition. They might be undistinguishable from whites, and yet, if they belonged to the class claimed as slaves, the prejudice remained against them. In order, therefore, to remove the prejudice, it would be necessary to abolish the system which created it. To accomplish that object, it would be necessary to have no union with slaveholders. We were too anxious to obtain Southern custom, and too unwilling to make sacrifices to avoid participating with the slaveholders in the fruits of slave labor. We were so involved with the system of slavery that we could not avoid being involved in it to some extent, and we must labor the harder to uproot the system. One way to do this was to pay especial attention to the efforts made to supply the country with the results of free labor. Attempts were being made to raise cotton in Central America, in Egypt, and in Africa. When suggesting to the committee that we should resolve to have no commercial union with slaveholders, she had been asked, why not add no matrimonial union with slaveholders? Certainly, she would endorse that. What parent would wish his daughter to unite in marriage with a highway robber, or any one of known immoral character? And yet how many are ready to sanction a union with a slaveholder who may happen to be wealthy.

Mrs. M. proceeded to speak of what might be done for the cause by the formation of anti-slavery sewing-circles, which would meet to provide articles to be sent to the Fair, next December.

THOMAS WHITSON spoke of the political condition of the State of Pennsylvania with reference to slavery. He rejoiced that Mr. Garrison could say what he did yesterday with regard to the position of Massachusetts; and was sorry that he could say what he did with regard to the position of Pennsylvania. He was ashamed for his State when he remembered how it was represented in Washington. One of her Senators was William Bigler, who had said, in behalf of his State, "Mr. Speaker, there is a party at the South, the Fire-Eaters, that would dissolve this Union for the sake of getting rid of the abolition agitation of slavery; I have no sympathy with that party, but I have far less sympathy with another party with us at the North, the Garrisonians, who would dissolve this Union for the sake of abolishing slavery?" In other words, he don't want this Union abolished, but if it is to be abolished, he would wish it to be abolished to preserve slavery rather than to abolish it. And that man was sent to the Senate by the almost unanimous vote of our representatives.

He was sorry to say that James Buchanan was a native of his adopted county; he was glad he was not born in the same county with him. It had been made with some a matter of State pride that Pennsylvania had at last placed one of her sons in the Presidential chair. He never considered that any honor, if that son was to be James Buchanan. As friend McKim had said, they were easily duped who were deceived in him. He was in the service of the South in Congress twenty-five years ago, and had been in their service ever since. In 1842, when a meeting of the Friends desired the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, James Buchanan expressed the opinion that the question was settled by the compromise of 1820, which he read as if it had decided that slavery *shall* exist, instead of that it *may* exist. No part of the Constitution, said Mr. Buchanan, was more sacred than that, because it was made to save the Union. This was long before he was nominated. And there was nobody at the Democratic Convention who had any chance of being nominated who was not pledged to the South. There was Franklin Pierce, who was from New England, and not from Pennsylvania. There was Douglas; and if he had been nominated, we should never have heard of his squatter sovereignty. As to the false banner, it was only in a small part of this State where that was unfolded. In the western part of the State the people would have said that "Free Kansas" was abolition, and they would not vote for it.

What a shame, said Mr. W., when we consider what Pennsylvania was, and what she is now. What hath bewitched you, having started in the spirit, that ye should so end in the flesh? I will tell you what has bewitched us—the American devil, slavery. We have four hundred miles of frontier upon slave territory, and it has injured us more than anything else. I see by the papers that an eminent minister has preached that spiritualism is of the devil, and that his sermon is to be continued another Sunday. Now let him preach that American slavery is of the devil for two Sundays, and see what will be done with him. Slavery is upon our borders and will not permit it.

The Massachusetts Senator, Henry Wilson, had said in the court-house in this town, that he was not for dissolving the Union. He would not dissolve the Union nor let anybody else dissolve the Union. In that same address he told us that the dissolution of the Union would be the abolition of slavery in 24 hours, and he did not fear that the South would dissolve the Union. He does not stand a great ways behind Mr. Bigler, after all. He does not say that he would rather dissolve it for slavery than for freedom; but he will not allow it to be dissolved for freedom.

He had never been in Massachusetts but once, immediately after Anthony Burns had been carried back; and the next Sunday, Nehemiah Adams preached against the treachery of Judas. Jesus has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." And having sent Jesus back into slavery, they preach in Massachusetts against the sin of Judas in betraying his master. And yet he believed Massachusetts to be in advance of every other State in this Union upon this subject.

J. M. MCKIM suggested that there were resolutions before the meeting touching the Republican party, and, as there were some present who voted and acted with that party, it seemed to devolve upon them to speak now, and not to let them pass by default. There was undoubtedly an honest difference of opinion between these persons and those who had moved these resolutions. There were many who might agree abstractly with the argument of Miss Grew this morning, that it is always best to do right, but who would yet believe that the facts were against this theory; and when people were doubting between apparent facts and apparent arguments, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they would decide against the argument and in favor of the facts; because the latter are clear and tangible; but although the argument might seem to be against them, and they do not know how to reply to it, nevertheless they may think that if they were clear-sighted enough, they could understand it and refute it. He believed there was much of this feeling amongst the anti-slavery friends. In other words, there were many who believed that the position taken by this Society was abstractly right, but who yet believed that, as a matter of expediency, it was right to vote. There were members of this Society, co-laborers with them, who would probably not be convinced that, after all, they would not be in the way of their duty in voting.

There was a great deal of discussion upon this subject two years ago, and there was much excitement throughout Pennsylvania. He believed that nine-tenths of the legal voters belonging to the Society had gone and voted for Col. Fremont. He would now ask them what they had accomplished. They said that they wanted to elect their man and get the powers of the government into their own hands, to use them for good. They went to the polls and voted; but they had accomplished no more than those who abstained. They made an effort and failed, and it was best for them that they failed, as they admit themselves. It was but a week ago that a highly intelligent gentleman, who had canvassed the State of Pennsylvania for Fremont had said to him, If we had not failed, if Fremont had been elected President, we should have had one of the most corrupt governments that ever held the reins of power; and the reasons for this opinion were that Col. Fremont was surrounded by office-seekers, by corrupt men, by men whose motives were not only not above impeachment and suspicion, but whose motives challenged impeachment and suspicion.

Mr. McKim said that he had heard similar sentiments expressed after nearly every election. One evil effect of the political movement was seen in its influence upon the attendance upon anti-slavery meetings at the time of an exciting election. In 1856, the anti-slavery people of Norristown nearly all deserted us. They were very anxious about the canvass and did not want anything said which would jeopard the cause in that region. The same is true at present in West Chester. And the same is true at every exciting election. But anxious as they are about their elections, and great as are their expectations, when the time passes by, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they confess that they have accomplished nothing. Not only that, but they have suspended their hopes upon this single day of the year, and have made their energies bend to the point of electing their man, and for the rest of the days of the year they are almost good for nothing. He would present this as an offset to the argument of the expediency of voting.

It is said that we want to be doing something, to see something done. We want to see an agitation, to see an impression made. It is a natural feeling, I admit (said Mr. McKim), that it has a great deal of force with reference to an election. It is anti-slavery made easy. It is like the forms of religion. Some say the Quakers have no religion, because they have no external signs of it. They are moral people, to be sure; very good neighbors-kind husbands, very just in their dealings, but they have no religion. They do not observe the ordinances. They have no baptism, no sacraments. They make very little account of the Sabbath day. They have no forms in their society. Go into the meetings—they no not call it a church—and very probably there will not be more than a word or two said, or a single individual to speak, all the time. But these people who have religion—they preach and they pray, they have their Sabbath days, their sacraments and their ordinances, and they rest in them; that is their religion. I do not mean to say universally, but a great many regard these forms as religion. Just so in the anti-slavery movement. A great many vote for the man who, they think, will do the most to promote the anti-slavery movement. They canvass for him during the period of the year preceding the election, and that is the end of the matter. They do not circulate petitions; they do not distribute tracts; they do not introduce the subject into the churches or the social circles. Let them do that and it will be something tangible; there will be some fruits to their labors in the promotion of the anti-slavery cause.

Mr. McKim explained that in addition to carrying false banners in some important districts, Mr. Buchanan had given private pledges that he would be true to the North in his opposition to slavery in Kansas. Whether by the pledges or the banners, the people were duped, and it was the business of this Society to prevent the repetition of it at the election in 1860. They would not have done their duty if, by that time, they had not so enlightened the public mind, and so touched the heart and the conscience of the people of this State, that Pennsylvania would come then to a better vote. Abby Kelley, though a woman, had done more to make votes for freedom than any political agitator in the country. He had watched her path in her palmy days, before she was broken down in the cause, in Pennsylvania and in Ohio. She would go into a district and so change public sentiment that the Democratic and Whig parties would find it necessary to call subsequent meetings to adopt new resolutions to meet the public sentiment thus produced. It was as true of her politically as religiously, and Parker Pillsbury once said that the approach of Abby Kelley created as much alarm in Western Ohio as did the tramp of the war-horses of Alaric. And no Republican would deny that Wendell Phillips, the leader of the non-voters in Massachusetts, had done more to mould and fashion the public sentiment which had reformed that State than Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, or any other of the Republican party.

JOHN JONES took issue with the position that there was reason now to rejoice that the Republicans were defeated in the last campaign. The reason that had been assigned was that we should have had a more corrupt administration than ever before. He could hardly conceive that it would have been more corrupt than the present administration had proved to be. The object of many in voting with the Republican party was to bring the dominion of slavery to an end. The slaveholders had opposed them, and he considered this a pretty good criterion by which to judge whether they were really doing any good or not. When the friends of slavery attack and attempt to crush a candidate or a party, it was the best test they could have that that candidate and that party were opposed to slavery. It might be that those who acted with the Republican party were apt to lose their zeal in the moral enterprise after the election; but it need not be so. He desired that his influence should be felt in every possible way in favor of the overthrow of this abomination, slavery; and saw no sufficient reason for omitting to make it felt at the ballot-box. He inquired what would be the result if all should cease voting? for he desired to act in a way which every one else might adopt to advantage.

WILLIAM BARNARD inquired why, if voting itself is wrong, we should be engaged in influencing the votes of others? If it was wrong to vote, he would touch not, taste not, handle not, and have nothing to do with the unclean thing.

Mr. GARRISON said that the Abolitionists had not disfranchised themselves from a mere freak, as a mere matter of fancy or eccentricity. They were cut off by conscience, by fidelity to the cause they had espoused, by the determination not to compromise the principles of justice, by not believing in doing evil that good may come, by not accepting the old Jesuitical doctrine that the end justifies the means. He inquired whether Mr. Jones would deny that the Republican party is pledged to the support of slavery in 15 States of this Union, by giving protection to slavery in case of a servile insurrection, and pledged to concede all the compromises of the Constitution which from the beginning have been recognized by the people of this country and sanctioned by all its tribunals? If so, we were estopped, no matter what object we might have in view. Were all the territories of the country to be saved from the clutch of the Slave Power, if we must first commit sin, if we must first pledge ourselves to the support of slavery where it exists, it was enough. If the ballot was stained with blood, away with it.

The issue of the non-voters was with the Constitution of the country. They asserted that in consequence of the guarantees given to the South with regard to the three-fifths slave representation in Congress, with regard to the hunting of fugitive slaves, with regard to the protection of the system by the whole force of the country against insurrection, it would be wrong for them to hold up their hands to swear to sustain the instrument, or to vote for any other man to do so. Could any man consistently claim to be the friend of the slave who would swear that the slave should have no protection? And could any man march up to the ballot-box, under any pretence whatever, and deposit a vote under such a Constitution without staining his hands with blood?

And what was the Republican party? It had given up its only distinctive issue, and now its only issue was to put down the Democratic party and to obtain the power. He quoted from *The Tribune* to show that if the people of Kansas desired slavery, the Republican party would acquiesce, and drew a parallel between the Republican and Democratic parties.

The question had been asked, what would be the result if all should cease to vote? The result would be a noble army of men, standing upon the rule of principle, a sight that would be worth looking at. The result would be a noble army of men having faith in God that if they lived according to his law, the consequences would be good. And wherever there was the most of disunionism it would follow inevitably that we should have the most of this republicanism as a philosophical result. Massachusetts, the most abolitionized State in this Union, is hence the banner State in regard to its position politically; and so with regard to the Western Reserve in Ohio, which contained more of actual disunionism than any other portion of the United States, and which yet sent Joshua R. Giddings for so many years as their Representative to Congress. We need not be concerned with regard to results, if we adhere strictly to the line of moral duty.

Mr. MCKIM replied to the question of William Barnard, that the political standing of Pennsylvania was an index of the anti-slavery sentiment of the State, and they might seek to change that political standing, not because the change in itself was of any value, but because that change, produced by the diffusion of intelligence and the awakening of conscience, indicated successful labor in the anti-slavery cause. He illustrated by the case of a cistern filled by a force pump, in which the height of the water is marked by an index. We might endeavor by pumping to bring the index to a certain point, not because it made any difference in itself where the index stood, but because, when it reached that point, it would show the cistern to be filled.

STETSON COLMAN replied to the argument that the Republican party were doing nothing with reference to slavery in 15 States of this Union by an illustration. If a poison tree or weed should obtain a strong hold upon any part of our premises, and was going to seed, and was spreading itself all around, at a season of the year when we could not devote the necessary time to eradicate it, it might be the best we could do to turn our attention to destroying the seeds and preventing its spread, rather than to attempt to root it out, knowing that we could not complete the work, and leaving the seeds to be scattered by the wind in every direction. Then, at a more auspicious time, our whole force could be turned upon it, and it could be completely destroyed.

The changes to be made in the Constitution must be made legislatively; and if pro-slavery men are left to do all the voting, they never would be made. A man like Wendell Phillips might have so much influence that his vote would hardly be felt in comparison; but with very many their political influence at the polls was the greatest influence they had; and if that were taken away, they could do very little. Such resolutions as these against the Republican party had been passed by this Society from year to year, and then the members would go home and vote. He asked them either to vote down these resolutions or else to act up to them.

The reason for not voting under the Constitution did not apply to those who did not believe it to be pro-slavery. He believed that there were contradictions in the Constitution, but that on the whole it was anti-slavery. He alluded to Theodore Parker as having recently made an argument to show that the Constitution was an anti-slavery document, an argument which had not, so far as he was aware, been successfully controverted.

Mr. GARRISON said that the issue had been changed. Theodore Parker was not on trial. It was the Republican party to which the resolutions referred; and the position is that the Republican party as such recognizes the compromises of the Constitution and accedes to them—the three-fifths slave representation, the recapture of fugitive slaves, the protection of slaveholders against an insurrection—it accepts them all. It made no difference how Theodore Parker or any one man stood upon these questions. Any man who would stand up, after 70 years' enforcement of the Constitution, and undertake to tell 25 millions of people that they do not understand their own Constitution and never have understood it, would commit an act of consummate folly, and it would be an utter waste of time to argue the matter with him. This new construction never was heard of until after the motto—"No Union with Slaveholders"—had been put upon our banners. It was an after-thought; it was a dodge.

As to the poison tree, the common-sense way was to lay the axe at the root of the tree, to cut it down and give it to the consuming fire, instead of spending our time in looking after the seeds. But we could not deal with a moral principle as if it were merely a noxious weed. The Republican party were ready to endorse slavery in 15 States, and they might just as well endorse it in 500 States. There was no principle in such a party; and yet it was the best political party which had arisen after so long a moral agitation.

SIMPSON PRESTON suggested that he had assumed that it was impossible for them at first to cut down the poisoned trees; if they could prevent their spreading now, they would soon be able to cut them down and grub out their roots.

The Convention then adjourned until 7 o'clock.

Thursday Evening.

HENRY GREW charged it upon the Republican party that their position is subversive of their own avowed principles, for they claimed that the national government is established for universal justice, that morality requires us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us, that religion is love to God and love to man. The pages of history teach us that the nations that have set God's law of righteousness and love at defiance are broken in pieces as a potter's vessel. This matter is not a mere matter of theory, but involves the life of the nation as well as its honor. To the question of the practical mode of abolishing slavery, he would reply that the sovereign power is with the people, and they have only to resolve to obey the law of righteousness and to repudiate every constitution and law inconsistent therewith, and the yoke is broken and the oppressed are free. If the American Church had as much virtue as profession, they could, by their influence, abolish slavery; but the American Church is not the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ; it is the bulwark of slavery. We were not to wait for the Church or the government to do the work, but individually we must awake from our lethargy, bring the condition of the slave home to our own souls, and plead and act as though our own wives and children were stolen from us to be sent off into slavery, to be seen by us no more.

Rev. H. BLEBY made some statistical statements in confirmation of his assertions of last evening with reference to the prosperity of the colored people in the West Indies in consequence of their emancipation. He appealed to the colored people to move for themselves in Pennsylvania for the abolition of their legal disabilities, as they had done in Jamaica, where they had demanded their rights of the Legislature until those rights were conceded. A similar effort here would meet with like success.

THOMAS GARRETT corroborated the statements of Betsey Williams with reference to the laws of the State of Delaware; but the law forbidding their leaving the State and returning had become practically null. When first passed there were several attempts made to enforce it, but the opposition had been such that the fine had been remitted in every case but one. He had taken pains to publish over his own signature the name of every person engaged in that case, the person that took the party before the magistrate, the magistrate, the constable, and the sheriff. The result was that he had been prosecuted for libel and bound over under a penalty of $1,000 to attend court and meet the charge. He had bound over his prosecutor to attend also, but from that day to this had never heard what became of the case. It had been frequently the case that free colored persons in Delaware, unable to pay their fine for some petty crime, had been sold for seven years, during which time they would be taken out of the State. Within two weeks, two individuals had thus been sold from their town hall. He thought there was a pretty strong prospect of having these infamous laws abolished at the present session. He said he was not entirely clear from taking the slaveholder's money, for he believed he had more of the slaveholder's custom than any other place in Wilmington. He would tell them that so long as they would pay they might go ahead, but he would not trust them.

ROBERT COLLYER spoke of the importance of the statements of Mr. Bleby as an answer to the assertion so often made, that if we were to emancipate our slaves, they would immediately sink to deeper and yet deeper degradation. The argument in favor of emancipation derived from the experience in the West Indies would be progressive; for the success would become more and more apparent. He then referred to the degradation of the so called free laborers of the North in consequence of slavery. There was no man holding office under the Federal government who dared to say that he differed from his party, for fear of losing his place. Upon asking one who had been at work at the Navy Yard how he lost his place, he replied, "I happened to say that I didn't approve of that darned Lecompton, no-how, and the next Tuesday, when they paid their wages, they didn't approve of me, and so I lost the job." He said that he had been a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, but he could not introduce the subject of slavery without feeling the slavery devil with his hand upon his throat trying to choke him. The revival of the last winter had created great excitement, but it had not dared to say a word for the slave. A delegation from the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia had visited a similar association in a Southern city. It had shouted and praised God all the way there, shouted and praised God while there, and shouted and praised God all the way back again; but not a word on the subject of slavery. He alluded also to the action of the American Tract Society, in refusing to publish a tract upon slavery.

Mr. MCKIM introduced to the Convention Rev. J. S. Lame, who had written a series of letters from Maryland to the *Zion's Herald*, containing some facts in reference to slavery, and had thereupon been obliged precipitately to leave the State for personal safety.

Rev. J. S. LAME said that a few months since he had no more idea of making an anti-slavery address than of making a voyage to the splendid comet now coursing across the sky. He had once been a hater of Northern abolitionism. From what he had heard of the generous conduct of the master and the happy condition of the slave, his mind had been very favorably impressed with regard to the institution. About three years since he had been sent by the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to labor in slaveholding territory. His early lessons of freedom in Pennsylvania had well-nigh cost him as much as the lessons of Daniel cost him at the court of a tyrannical king. He had entered his field of labor with the disposition to apologize for and defend the system of slavery. But (said he), I had not long been there before the terrible monster appeared that I was to apologize for; and I here aver, with my eyes fixed on the fires of the last day, that such shocking abominations, grinding oppression, cruel barbarities, unrelenting despotism, and foul impurities are practised on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, as would have disgraced earth's most barbarous age and nation.

He proceeded to narrate the circumstances attending a sale of negroes, which he witnessed, soon after his arrival. His heart had soon become utterly disgusted and sickened by what he saw of the system. Another member of the Conference, about that time, published a work called "Pictures of Slavery," and he read it and was convinced from his own observation that it was true. And when another member preferred charges against the author, of falsification and slander, he concluded to defend the book by a series of letters, over the signature of "Junius," in the *Zion's Herald*. He did so, and his Southern neighbors suspected him to be the author. They at first told him that his services were no longer required and they would give him no support. But he had been sent by the Annual Conference and did not think it proper to leave without their sanction. They next raised the usual arguments—he would be furnished with a coat of tar and feathers; the parsonage would be burned down over his head, &c. After some deliberation, he had concluded, for several reasons, to leave. He wanted an opportunity to "fight another day" with the devil of slavery; he had a wife and child, whose lives he did not feel free to endanger; and, besides, he had the divine command, "When they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another." He had, therefore, decided to leave rather than to stain the sands of the Eastern Shore with his heart's blood, for he had resolved never to receive a coat of tar and feathers alive; and he had no doubt that if he had remained, he would have shared the fate of others who have had the boldness to oppose the tyrant, slavery.

Mr. GARRISON spoke at some length upon the consequences which would follow doing our duty, quoting Isaiah, 58: 8–12, as an assurance which we had that those consequences would be good.

Then Convention then adjourned.

Friday Morning, Oct. 8.

The Nominating Committee reported the following list of officers for the ensuing year, which was agreed to:

President—JAMES MOTT.

Vice-Presidents—T. Whitson, R. Purvis.

Corresponding Secretary—J. M. McKim.

Treasurer—Sarah Pugh.

Recording Secretary—R. Tomlinson.

Executive Committee—L. Mott, A. Kimber, B. C. Bacon, E. M. Davis, M. Grew, M. J. Burleigh, John Child.

Mr. GARRISON reported resolutions Nos. 9, 11 and 12, and Mary Grew resolutions Nos. 13 and 14, from the Business Committee.

J. M. MCKIM, in behalf of Allen Agnew, of Delaware, offered a resolution that a Committee be appointed to collect funds for the Society. The resolution was adopted, and the following persons were appointed as that Committee:

Committee to solicit Funds for the Anti-Slavery Cause—Allen Agnew, Thomas Garrett, Sarah Ann T. Heald, Elijah Pennypacker, Thomas Whitson, Henry M. Twining, John Titloe, John Harly, Caleb Hood, J. Wm. Cox, Alice Jackson, James Taylor, Geo. Atkinson, John Thomas, Rebecca Sellers, Phebe Haines, Charles Peirce, Pusey Cloud, Simon Barnard, Charles Hambleton, Martha M. Coarsen, William Warner, Harriet Purvis, Elizabeth Coates.

Mr. GARRISON spoke in favor of resolutions Nos. 11 and 12. In Massachusetts and in Vermont the Abolitionists were circulating petitions asking the Legislatures to enact laws to prohibit the rendition of fugitive slaves. They intended in Massachusetts to make this their distinctive work until that State should be indeed free soil; until every fugitive slave, upon planting his feet upon her soil, should be able to say, I am a freeman as against the world; here I am safe; Massachusetts will give me protection. It might be many years before the petition would be granted, but they intended to persevere. But they had never yet demanded anything of the Legislature which had not been carried in due time. This might seem a small matter, but it would prove men as at the judgment-seat. Whoever refused to put his name to this petition, whatever his reasons, would virtually declare himself in favor of kidnapping. The anti-slavery constructionists of the Constitution would of course have no scruples of conscience with regard to signing, because they believe that the slaveholder has no constitutional power to reclaim his slave in Pennsylvania. Those giving it the pro-slavery construction, if really opposed to slavery, would be ready to say that such a Constitution should not be obeyed.

J. M. MCKIM reported the 10th resolution, from the Committee on Business.

SIMPSON PRESTON said that, for himself, he would be quite willing to sign such a petition, to make Pennsylvania free soil to the fugitive slave; but it seemed to him that the anti-slavery constructionists might find difficulty in it, and he could not see how the Abolitionists could ask them to sign. As to the construction of the Constitution, the British government allowed slavery for many years, but at last it was abolished by a construction of law. And so our Courts, when they come to be anti-slavery, might place a new construction upon our Constitution. When the Constitution was adopted, it was the expectation and wish that slavery should cease before a great while, and they so framed that instrument that it might remain unchanged if slavery should be abolished. As to voting under the Constitution, a man ought to act up to the highest light he has; and the only sin is to act against that light. If, therefore, a man votes in order to vote against slavery, it is no sin to him.

Mr. GARRISON replied that although the anti-slavery voters might have sworn to do evil, it was no impediment to asking them not to do it, for they ought not to be true to such an oath. He would admit that he could not see how Pennsylvania could pass such a law without disunion; and he wished to show the State the necessity of disunion. When Pennsylvania sees that she is bound to permit slavehunting while in the Union, then she must come out of the Union, unless she means to serve the devil rather than God.

There was no analogy between the British Government and the American Constitution. Our Union was *sui generis*, a compact between independent colonies. The British Parliament had no Constitution to subscribe when they took their seats. The American Congress took an oath to be faithful to the compact. It was absurd to argue that our Constitution intended to include the colored race in its preamble. It was not possible to make an anti-slavery Constitution, because the black people were hated and despised; and so it has been to this hour. The Constitution might be changed by the consent of three-fourths of the States, but not by an ingenious interpretation. But there was a peculiar inconsistency in Republicans going to the ballot-box under the Constitution, because they believe it anti-slavery, and voting for men who believe it to be pro-slavery. That seemed hardly to foreshadow a change of construction even.

Mrs. MOTT took exception to the remark of Simpson Preston, that if we act up to our highest light, even if we act wrong, it is not sin to us. We might have a defiled conscience, and might act up to that. This was one great apology made for the slaveholders, that they were not sinning because they were acting up to their light. Their Southern friends were unwilling to hear slaveholding denounced as, under all circumstances, sin. Now, if any one, by dabbling in the muddy waters of politics, so obscures his vision that he cannot see the light, so that he cannot see the sinfulness of consenting to a government like ours, he still cannot give that consent without sin. She regarded the remark as a perversion of a true and fundamental doctrine of the Quakers and of all Christianity, the duty of obeying the light and walking in the light. As to the measure of guiltiness or crime, that is not for us to judge. The great standard of justice and righteousness was the fruit of the tree. Everybody knew whether fruit was good or bad, instinctively; and therefore we can never excuse ourselves for doing that which is not honest and true, by saying that we are acting up to our light.

SIMPSON PRESTON said that the rule of acting up to the highest light we have is the best rule we can have. By the term "sin" he meant doing what a man knows to be wrong. In that sense, he who acted upon that rule would not commit sin.

ROBERT COLLYER said that he wished to make a suggestion in behalf of Edward M. Davis, who could not be here at this meeting, that there should be an effort to introduce singing in the different anti-slavery meetings. We appealed so much to the intellectual that we neglected to appeal to the emotional. It was frequently the case in the churches that an ordinary preacher with a good choir could keep up a good society. It might be difficult among the Quakers, who were not accustomed to singing, to introduce it into their meetings; but if they would make the attempt, they would soon succeed. And it would infuse into them an additional attraction to gather together the young people. It would gather the young ladies, for they like singing; it would gather the young men, for they liked the ladies; and so one after another would be attracted, and the meetings would not have to be discontinued for the want of interest in them.

Mr. MCKIM said that the message would seem to imply that Mr. Davis attached an undue importance to singing, which was by no means the case. Singing was very well in its place, but he did not consider it of any very great importance. He should have been sorry to have the dignity and gravity of this meeting disturbed or depreciated by anything less spiritual and more outward than we had had. While he believed that psalms and hymns and spiritual songs were the natural expression of the heart's emotion, he believed also in making melody in the heart unto God. He believed they had had that melody from the beginning to the end of this meeting. He should be sorry to have much effort spent in the attempt to introduce singing into the local meetings.

SIMON BARNARD, from the Finance Committee, reported in part that they had collected $146.85 and pledges to the amount of $205.

The resolutions were then read and successively adopted. Those in relation to the Republican party received two or three negative votes, all the others being adopted unanimously.

The question upon the resolutions, Nos. 11 and 12, in favor of petitioning the Legislature to make the soil of Pennsylvania free to the fugitive slave, was taken by a rising vote. Nearly every person present rose in favor of the resolution, and no one rose in the negative; whereupon it was declared a unanimous vote.

The resolutions are as follows:

1. Resolved, That in view of the present condition of our country, as indicated by its political parties and its churches, we are confirmed in our belief that the only hope of the emancipation of the slave, and the prosperity of the nation, is in the prevalence of the principles advocated by this Society; and that in this belief we entreat all philanthropists and true patriots to come out from their union with slaveholders.

2. Resolved, That while we mourn over each new embodiment of the dark spirit of slavery, we see in the thickening manifestations of its wrath, plain tokens that in wild alarm it is gathering all its forces to a last contest with Liberty, and we hail with joy that final conflict, confident of its glorious result.

3. Resolved, That as a tree is known by its fruit, the recent revival which has spread over our land must be judged by its influence on the character and action of a pro-slavery Church; if its results are seen in an awakened sympathy for the slave, and acknowledgment of his rights of manhood, and in a testimony worthy of a Christian Church against the chief sin of this nation, it may justly claim to be a revival of Christianity; but if it bears not such fruit, its claims to be such are false, and a dishonor to the name of Christ, and its influence is to be lamented, inasmuch as it adds strength for evil to a powerful organization which is already in league with the oppressor.

4. Resolved, That what are called the aggressions of the Slave Power upon the rights of the North—that the Border-Ruffian invasion of Kansas, and all the dreadful atrocities attending it—that the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, the Dred Scott decision, and the proposition for the unlimited extension of slavery and the reopening of the foreign slave trade—are but the legitimate operations and growing necessities of the slave system—the natural fruits of the tree—the inevitable results of one common cause.

5. Resolved, therefore, That to leave untouched the cause of all these horrors and calamities, to seek to make the struggle with the South merely one of latitude and longitude, is equally immoral, absurd, and suicidal; hence all the energies of those who claim to be the friends of freedom should be concentrated upon the one great solemn duty of effecting the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery in the spirit of unbending justice.

6. Resolved, That it is not the object or function of this Society in special, or of the anti-slavery movement in general, to put any man into office or to secure the triumph of any political party, but to insist upon the emancipation of the slave, to proclaim the eternal antagonism between liberty and slavery, and to expose and condemn all compromise of principle and all truckling to the Slave Power, whether by one political party or another, leaving politics to take such shape on this subject as the moral sentiment of the people will naturally give them.

7. Resolved, That we take issue with the Democratic party of this country on the ground of its being utterly recreant to the principles of genuine Democracy—the open and shameless ally of the slave oligarchy, eager to accede to all their wishes and designs for the extension and perpetuation of slavery—controlled by the most profligate and unscrupulous demagogues—and animated by a fiendish spirit toward the oppressed and thorough contempt for the law of God and the rights of man.

8. Resolved, That while we would not be blind to the fact and readily concede that the Republican party has some in its ranks who warmly sympathize with the anti-slavery movement, and whose motives and aims are beyond impeachment, or suspicion, we nevertheless take issue with it as a party on the ground that it not only makes no protest against the continuance of slavery at the South, but wilfully lends to that hideous system a common sanction and support; that it ignores the question of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law; that its conscience is "bounded by 36 degrees 30 minutes north latitude"; that even in regard to the further extension of slavery and the admission of new slave States into the Union, it has virtually abandoned its original ground, and accepted the monstrous dogma of "popular sovereignty," as expounded by Stephen A. Douglas—namely, that if a majority of the people of any Territory wish to make it a slaveholding state, they have a right to do so; thus showing the Republican party to be far more concerned to obtain power and place than to vindicate the principles of justice and humanity, and therefore is wholly undeserving of confidence.

9. Resolved, That as far as the Constitution of the United States is concerned, in regard to all its slaveholding compromises there is no difference whatever between the Democratic and Republican parties; the blood of four millions of imbruted slaves is upon them both; they both consent to a slave oligarchy in Congress, to the hunting of fugitive slaves, and to the use of the military and moral power of the nation for the suppression of slave insurrections, and they are equally zealous in declaring their loyalty to a Union which, so far as the victims of slavery are concerned, is fitly described as a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell."

10. Resolved, That the denial by this State of the right of suffrage to a class of free citizens otherwise duly qualified, on account of their complexion, is an outrage upon republicanism and a disgrace to the people who tolerate it, and that until this proscribed class be reinstated in the possession of the elective franchise, and relieved from all the legal disabilities to which they are now subject, the inhabitants of this Commonwealth will be justly chargeable with recreancy to humanity and reason, and this Society will have failed to accomplish one of its obvious ends.

11. Resolved, That Pennsylvania ought to be free soil to every fugitive slave who may come within her borders; that while she consents to the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law or to the rendition of any one who has escaped from chains and slavery, she is guilty of the crime of kidnapping; that she is solemnly bound to decree that no human being shall be put on trial, before any tribunal upon her soil, to determine whether he is the property of another. Therefore,

12. Resolved, That it should be a prominent object of this Society to circulate petitions throughout the State asking the Legislature to pass the decree aforesaid, and thus to put an end to all slavehunting within her limits.

13. Resolved, That we regard the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair as a very important aid in the financial department of this Society; and that we commend the claims of the Fair of 1858 to the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, trusting that their liberality and diligence will make it successful to the degree which our treasury, affected by the pecuniary embarrassment of the Society, demands.

14. Resolved, That the retrospect and present aspect of our cause inspire us with faith, hope and courage to persevere in the work which lies before us, with unabated zeal and diligence, even unto the end.

Miss GREW and Mrs. MOTT spoke at some length with regard to the importance of sustaining the approaching Anti-Slavery Fair.

Mr. GARRISON, before the vote on the last resolution, made a few remarks upon the signs of progress everywhere visible. And this progress was not confining itself to the Anti-Slavery cause; but while that had opened the door to other moral reforms, they in their turn had strengthened its hands. He was about to go to Ohio, and should carry there a good report of what had been done in this anniversary, and try to urge them to aid in the work of making the Northern States free to the slave. He hoped to meet his Pennsylvania friends again in the flesh; but if not, they would meet in another world and sing the song of redemption together.

On motion, the Convention then adjourned.

MOBOCRACY IN ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 9, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AN old fashioned mob greeted the opponents of the Death Penalty, at a meeting held in the City-Hall on Tuesday last, with a view of protesting against the execution of the revolting statute, and to ask of the Governor a commutation of sentence, in the case of Ira Stout, from death to imprisonment for life. As much of a riotous demonstration, I believe, was never before known here, on the occasion of any public meeting. Free speech was triumphantly trodden under foot by a premeditated, ruthless mob. The Mayor of the city was in attendance, as I am informed, and made no effort to preserve order, or to protect the rights of citizens, and finally begged of the President, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, to adjourn the meeting. There was a large gathering, numbering, some say, fifteen or seventeen hundred people. The mob was prearranged by a class of depraved creatures, who are thirsting in a most brutal, revengeful spirit for the blood of the condemned murderer, and who were evidently stimulated in their unlawful proceeding by the influence of more respectable persons believing in the rightfulness of the death penalty, and, therefore, opposed to the objects of the meeting.

I could not, had I the time, give you with the pen anything like an adequate idea of the turbulent, riotous character of the demonstration. It was a fitting counterpart to the early anti-slavery experiences. Worthy of any Southern city were the cruel, brutal taunts and insults profusely showered upon Mr. Douglass as a colored man, and as well upon Susan B. Anthony as a woman, and through whose efforts mainly, the meeting was arranged for. So much indecent, shameful ribaldry and slang I never before heard on any public occasion.

Rev. Mr. Tuttle (Universalist), Mr. Douglass and myself had a partial hearing.

Mr. Douglass, amidst the wildest confusion, and the grossest insults, maintained a most dignified, noble and manly bearing, deserving hearty commendation.

The cause of Anti-Capital Punishment suffered no detriment from the boisterous opposition, but in a city like this it establishes a most dangerous

Miscellaneous Department.

LINES

Written for the Anesbury and Salisbury Horticultural Exhibition, 28th Tenth mo., 1858.

This day, two hundred years ago,
The wild grape on the river's side,
And tasteless ground-nut, trailing low,
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of peach and pear;
The mirror of the Powow told
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
These vales the idle hunter trod,
Nor knew the glad, creative skill,
The joy of him who toils with God.

Oh! Painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank Thee for Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with Thine!

And thanks, that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born;
That he who smites the summer weed
May trust Thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power,
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest,
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in Heaven!

J. G. W.

For The Standard.

THE QUADROON'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER VII.

"Ya, golly! but we's gwine to have a rale time to-morrow night," cried Jim, as he tossed up his hat in front of one of the cabins.

"What fur you'se makin' dis sort fus, Jim?" asked an old gray headed negro, who was sitting out in front of his cabin, enjoying the cool of the evening, and playing with a little black baby—his grandchild, no doubt.

"Why, kase I tastes de wine and cake now, 'forehand."

"An' ain't we gwine to have a dance on de green?" inquired a girl with a face the color of Nebraska blacking; "an' ain't Jim gwine to be my partner?"

"No, I'se not gwine to dance long o' any black gal."

"Dat's de way Jim allers does; he allers hunts up de light gals to pay 'tention to when he is at parties. I doesn't like Jim a bit."

"I doesn't want you ter"; and he tossed up his hat with apparently the most ungallant bravado.

"I reckons now you thinks you can have Aggy to dance long a' you to-morrow night, but I knows Ag won't turn a reel 'long no nigger as black as you is."

"I is no nigger, an' if you calls me dat again, you shan't come to de party nor dance long a none o' us."

"You is a nigger, an' a field hand at dat, an' I maint to say it many times as I chuse ter."

Jim seized a formidable looking stick, and, rushing toward her, was about to inflict what he considered a merited punishment, when a crack of the overseer's whip brought order about instantly.

"Get about to yer work, niggers, and don't stand *jouring* here; to your work, every one of you. If this is the way you spend your holiday, I'll let you have less of it. Cut round and get at somethin'."

"Dat's de way to sarve 'em," muttered the old man as he glided into the cabin, taking the baby with him.

"Allers a fussin' an' fightin'," said Ginsy, as she passed along; "poor white folks allers cuts dem capers when dey gits rule over gemmen's niggers."

"None of yer sass to me, Ginsy, or I'll take you to the post right off."

"No, yer won't, Mister Johnson; you has no control over me. I'se no field hand; an' I tell yer now, de last white man has laid hand on me dat ever I am gwine to let. Better not trouble long a' me."

Mr. Johnson probably remembered the limit to his power, and, swallowing his rage in a muttered oath, allowed the woman to pass on.

The house was in a delightful state of excitement. Everybody was as busy and anxious as could be, except the bride elect. She seemed quite indifferent, now scampering off with Don Pedro, now laughing at Josephine and anon complaining of Aggy's ill temper and "*out-of-sortsness*," as she termed it. Occasionally she would meet Raymond with the most enthusiastic welcome, calling him by a hundred pet names; but these attacks of enthusiasm were paroxysmal and did not last long. A wilful and petted child, she could ill brook even the restraints of affection. Following every wayward fancy, now upon her horse scouring the neighborhood for miles around, or chasing and playing with Don Pedro, or out on the hills sketching a beautiful scene, she but little understood the repose and quiet of a satisfied life. Yet every one loved her with her caprices. Her heart was found to be honest and true, when one got beyond a sort of over-growth of fashionable formalism, which was the result of a misdirected education, and only put on at certain times. Impetuous and quick, she had never had her will opposed.

Watching the preparations for the wedding with an indifferent eye, she made her criticisms in the most careless manner, and with a mocking sigh would exclaim—

"My pleasure is about closing; no more pleasant parties—no trips up to the city—now it will be mope at home like an owlet in the tower, waiting for my lord;" then adding, "No, Josey, I'm going to have a real funny time. I mean to go to the city just the same, and tease William dreadfully, by a life of incessant pleasure; but look at Aggy! how very solemn she seems. Now, Aggy, if you don't put on a happier face when I am married, I shall have the horrors. Cheer up and look bright on your mistress's wedding-day. Give your new master a happy welcome; I expect you will be a favorite with him. Heavens! is the girl going to faint?"

"No, no, Miss Marian—only I feel so sick and weak—my head burns so."

"Sit down, girl, sit down. Why, you *must* be ill—put away that sewing. I didn't know that you were really sick."

By many little kind offices Marian strove to soothe the quadroon. She was as tender with her as though she had been a lady and her equal in social life. For the moment they exchanged positions, and Marian rendered back the service she had many times received.

The wedding passed off quietly in the house. The recent death of Mr. Delnoe prevented any display or open celebration; but the slaves had a regular rejoicing, or, as they termed it, "*a spree*"—a dance upon the green in the full moonlight—after which a bountiful collation of pies, cakes, baked meats, &c., luxuries such as they only enjoyed once or twice in a life-time. And so they were happy, for the time being, in their simple, childish way.

Poor Aggy went through her part with a chilly action. 'Twas she who decked her mistress for the bridal with that same careful, painstaking hand. She placed the wedding wreath upon Marian's brow, and tastefully arranged the nuptial veil, all the while crushing back her own heart's agony.

"Now, Aggy," exclaimed Marian, when the finishing touch had been given to that elaborate toilet, "give me my bouquet. Ah, isn't it pretty?—pure white jasmine—and how do I look?"

"Very beautiful, Miss Marian," replied the girl, as her mistress stepped out in front of her; and lovely she did indeed appear, with the rich drapery of white satin falling in heavy folds around her lithe form, looped up, here and there, with a rainbow-tinted pearl, while the silken ringlets seemed stealing out from the light imprisonment of a floating lace veil. She was fair as the flowers she held in her hand.

But here Aggy's labor ceased. She did not, would not, watch the marriage ceremonies, as did the other servants, from the open windows and back balconies. No, she stole away to one of the cabins, and, with no companionship but the all-silent moonlight, gave free vent to the pent-up feelings of her heart.

Next morning, the overseer assembled the slaves—seventy-five in number—to the call-ground, saying,

"Now, get yourselves in order to receive your new master."

They had dressed themselves in their "holiday clothes," and with shining faces, made brighter with a smile of welcome, they filed off in regular order, each one putting on his best look.

When they were quite ready, the overseer invited Mr. Raymond to go out and inspect his property. Marian came also. The slaves bowed exceedingly low, testifying their welcome; and James (the butler) had prepared a neat little speech, and delivered it in a manner which some of our public speakers would do well to imitate. To this Mr. Raymond replied, though, we are bound to confess, with less grace than the slave; but in default of superior oratory, he tossed into their midst a purse of silver coin—a marriage gift—which he desired should be equally divided between the seventy-five. This called forth several rounds of hearty applause, and shouts for Master Raymond and Miss Marian.

We shall pass over five years—during which time matters moved along seemingly in their usual way at Oakford.

Marian, now the happy mother of two blooming children (a son and daughter), still played with Don Pedro and amused herself in the olden way. She was perhaps a little more quiet and subdued than when we first met her, but still wayward and impetuous, leaning as ever upon Aggy's superior forethought and care.

But Aggy! poor Aggy! to her had come the greatest change. Let us look in upon her now, as she sits in her quiet little room which leads off from the back verandah and is just within bell-call of her mistress's chamber.

That is a neat little apartment, with its sanded floor, cool white curtains, crocks of flowers and shelf of books. We almost seem familiar with it from its very look of tidy home comfort. There sits Aggy in her rocking-chair, embroidering a sleeve for Miss Marian's babe, and there on a stool at her feet sits a pale, sickly-looking child, a little girl of about four years and six month's, though seeming, from its stunted growth and sickly appearance, only half that age. At a first glance the child would be pronounced ugly; but examine those large, melancholy eyes that carry the expression of a transmitted grief; look at the fineness of that mouth—its all-defiant curve; see the delicacy of the mould of face, and you cannot pronounce it ugly. There is a tenderness, a softness about it which make you forget the sickly pallor and meagreness of flesh. It crouches at its mother's feet, for no healthy life and motion are in those feeble limbs, and that little painful wail comes sadly on the ear, telling of physical suffering.

'Tis Aggy's child—a sad link connecting her with the past—see how tenderly she watches it. See the mother-love showered down upon it in those anxious glances. If it but moves uneasily, she is by to inquire what it wants, and by every possible means shelter it from the approach of pain.

"What does Linny want?" the work is thrown aside, and the child is on the mother's lap. "What, darling, what ails thee? is it a pain? there, there nestle up to mother—say what ails thee? Poor thing!" she added in soliloquy, "you have had nothing but pain in this world, yet you give your mother much joy. What would I be, Linny, without you? You are the only tie I have to life. You won't die, you won't leave your mother. Will you?"

The child put up its little wan hands and stroked the mother's cheek.

"You love your mother, Linny?"

"Yes, mamma, why you cry?" asked the child, as its fingers were moistened by the fast dropping of Aggy's tears. "You always cry, mama—what for?"

"Oh, do I, dear child? I am naughty and make you sad when I should be trying to make you happy—I am not fit to be a mother; how selfish I have been—but, ah! there is Miss Marian's bell—now, you sit down on this pretty mat and don't cry—I'll be back soon."

"Oh, mama, let me go," and it stretched up its little arms.

"No, darling, I'll soon come back."

"Let me go—take me."

"No, dear, Miss Marian don't like to see you; she is sick, and you trouble her."

"I won't cry, but look at the pretty birds in the room."

"No, dear, I must go—there is the bell again."

We said that matters were still the same at Oakford; and so it appeared upon an outside view, though in reality great and important changes had taken place—changes affecting the prosperity and happiness of all. The ownership of Oakford itself, the beautiful home of Marian's childhood, had passed into other hands. Upon an examination of his affairs, Mr. Delnoe, the wealthy planter, had been found almost insolvent. Large mortgages were held upon his land and negroes. The Raymonds, however, still occupied the plantation, for Marian declared that she would not leave; and by paying a heavy rent they were enabled to retain the place and most of the servants. Mr. Raymond employed a strict, shrewd and sagacious overseer, who made the plantation yield more than it had ever done in any preceding year; still, each season found him more in debt. His profession yielded but a small salary; scarcely enough to buy buttons for his children's aprons. His brow began to cloud. Care had ploughed great furrows there—his mouth also was pinched and contracted as if trouble gnawed him constantly. To Marian's annoyance, he began that dreariest of all household lectures, "*Retrenchment.*" She pouted and complained that dear papa had never required such narrowness and close living, and she would not submit to it. Her husband tried in vain to make her understand that the business had been loosely managed by her father; in utter hopelessness, he gave up all conversation on the subject, and continued to treat her as a spoiled pet, still opening his narrow purse-strings at every extravagant call from her. Aggy saw that he was grieved, and divined the cause. Marian's great passion was for embroidery; she purchased whole sets of dresses for her children, giving the most enormous prices for them, yet never seemed satisfied. Aggy tried to save Raymond this expense by offering to do her mistress's embroidery, and promising that it should be nicer than the imported articles. Marian was quite pleased with this arrangement. Of course, the quadroon's eyes suffered from this overtaxing of their powers. She worked late at night and early in the morning, rejoicing in the thought that by this means she was relieving Raymond of a great expense. She comprehended the state of affairs—knew of the heavy cloud of debt which overhung the house—and tremblingly awaited the moment when the crash should come. She, with eight other slaves, were all the property Marian now had left her. Aggy understood this, saw every day the lavish manner in which her mistress lived, and knew that such a career must end in utter and hopeless ruin. She stood upon the brink of a fearful precipice and felt the earth giving way beneath her feet. Yet her eye was fixed on her child and her hope was anchored in heaven. Trial—hard, bitter trial—had been the one lesson of her life, and she was prepared for any shock of circumstance. The relation which existed between her and Raymond was now nothing but that of master and servant. She never seemed to look at him, and always received his orders in the coldest deferential manner, but he observed that she executed them with the utmost care and promptitude. His dressing-wrapper and slippers were always found in the right place, his library arranged with the most faithful care, and every want ministered to by that hand which was rarely still; yet the lip spoke no word of love, and the eye gleamed with no look of tenderness; but the heart was true to him still, despite his falsehood. She had too few objects of affection to be unfaithful.

Raymond felt sometimes as if it would give him great pleasure to thank her, and once or twice attempted it, but there was a steel in the cold, averted eye which checked him in the first breath.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Did you ring, Miss Marian?" asked the quadroon, as she opened the door of Marian's sitting-room.

"Yes, I did."

The girl walked up to her mistress's chair, and stood awaiting the order.

"Aggy!"—the lady hesitated, as if she feared to go on; the quadroon was silent, but there was a look of anxious interest in her face.

"Aggy!"—another pause—and then, as if by a desperate effort, she continued: "Aggy, what is the matter with Mr. Raymond? He seems to be in great trouble. I am afraid to ask him any questions, but I am uneasy—frightened; there must be some terrible calamity about overtaking me, or I should not feel thus." And she began weeping violently.

Aggy stroked the beautiful hair tenderly, and assured her there was no danger, or at least she hoped not.

"William seems not to care for me," continued the unhappy wife; "he does not tell me of his troubles. I suppose I am to blame, for I did not at first heed his warning; but, Aggy, how can I economize? I know nothing of it—economy is an art which was not cared for in my education; yet he expects me to be accomplished in it as one bred to its service. I think William is exacting. Dear papa never required impossibilities of me, nor did he imagine that any one else would. His death was my hardest blow. If he were alive, all would be right; he would have made those horrid creditors behave themselves; they are perfect robbers, and have stripped me of everything. It must be that William does not understand the management of business, or these affairs would be speedily settled in my favor."

"What did Mr. Raymond want you to do, Miss Marian?"

"Why, he absolutely insisted upon taking a small house in the village, keeping only four servants and hiring out the others! The man was mad, to think that I could live so."

"You could have lived so, Miss Marian, and can yet, if you choose. Let me plan it for you."

"Let me hear, folly though I know it will be; state the plan."

"Well, excuse me, but you have always allowed me to advise you."

"Yes, don't stop to apologize, but go right on. I am impatient to hear what absurd thing you will propose."

"You will take a neat house at three hundred dollars rent, only retaining three servants, the cook, the nurse and myself. Of course I will wait upon you; and then let me take in sewing, by which I can furnish you with pin-money, which you can't do without; and so you could live very snugly, and Mr. Raymond be able to free himself of debt; for the rent of this plantation and servants is enormous. Can't this plan satisfy?"

"Absurd! And you would have *me* live in that comfortless, *low* manner?"

The lady's face was full of scorn. She considered the proposal of such a plan an insult to her; and had it been made by a less favored servant, a severe punishment would have been the result. But Aggy was her mistress's privileged adviser. She stood now with a mortified expression of countenance when she saw how her mistress treated her proposal.

"I tell you, Aggy, Mr. Raymond has no right to demand this of me. He did not find me in such circumstances, nor shall he take me to them. Would he lead me from a palace to a hovel? 'Tis a burning shame!"

The quadroon did not reply, but seated herself at her mistress's feet, apparently in the most contrite mood. No doubt she feared that the proposal had been precipitate.

"Mama, mama," cried a bold, rollicking boy, as he rushed up to Marian and showered into her lap a cloud of the brightest flowers; "aren't they pretty? I plucked them for you."

He was a very noble boy, with large, full blue eyes and short yellow curls that glittered around his fine head like summer sunshine. His blue frock set off the dazzling clearness of his complexion; the glow of healthy exercise burnt on his cheek and danced in his merry eye. Marian looked at him with a mother's proud glance, then caught him to her heart and covered his face with rapid and passionate kisses.

"Don't mama, don't," cried the boy; "you crush the pretty flowers."

Without heeding his warning, Marian turned to the quadroon, saying,

"And would you have *his* childhood passed in a cabin, a hut, deprived of all the luxuries that gave pleasure to his mother's early days? He is the future master of your child."

Aggy sprang, as though bitten by an asp, at this reference to her child.

"My child," she cried impetuously; then, deepening her voice to a tone of the tenderest pain, she added, "poor, suffering, little creature."

"Say, Aggy, where is Linny?" asked the boy. "I'll go give her one of these pretty flowers to play with; and, mama, shan't I bring her in here?"

"Oh, no, no, Willie, she makes me so nervous with that perpetual wail; but mind, my son, that you don't hurt her, she is so frail."

Aggy heaved a deep sigh. What thoughts were in her soul! How bitterly she had paid for the indiscreet passion of her youth; what depths of sorrow and suffering she locked beneath that calm and moveless brow!

"Ah, see! there comes Rose, my blossom; bring her here, Rachel," cried Marian, as the girl, with a baby in her arms, passed the window.

"Here, come, rosebud, bright little rosebud, you shall have a nice ride and be covered with flowers, like a May queen; you are your mother's own Flora; there, Rachel, tell John to hitch Don Pedro to Rose's carriage, and I will have him take her round the lawn, I acting as postillion."

Quite pleased with the plan, she tied on her hat, and, with a gleesome laugh, was ready for the jaunt. Cracking her whip, she drove Don Pedro round the grounds at a rapid rate, laughing and enjoying the frolic as much as the baby, whose round and blooming face peered out from the window, crowing and chirping as an early spring bird.

"Yonder Rose comes, papa, up the avenue; let's meet him—this way, Pedro." And she cracked her whip, and away they sped down the oak-lined avenue; and just behind them is Master Willie, flying his parti-colored kite in the air, and dancing along in the buoyant excitement of free and happy childhood.

A pretty sight it was, to greet a father's eye on his home return. No doubt Raymond thought so, for he stifled the sigh and crushed back the tear that was half bursting from his eyelid.

"Only see, William, how happy the baby is—our little rosebud"; and Marian looked lovingly up to his face. "See what a fine pony we make of Pedro, and how willingly he bears the harness. Poor Pedro, poor Pedro"—and she stroked the dog's neck.

Raymond's brow was full of clouds—painful, threatening, November clouds—and his lip trembled when he looked upon that beautiful home-group. Willie noticed this, and, coming up in a sweet, childish way, took his father's hand and asked,

"Are you sick, papa? You look as if you wanted to cry."

Raymond could not trust himself to answer, but turned his head away, perhaps to hide the tears that were glistening in his eyes.

Marian stole round, and, looking up in alarm, asked,

"What *is* the matter, dear? Tell me. I am frightened; have I made you unhappy? tell me. I'll do anything to save your happiness. Tell me at once what I shall do."

He could not resist this appeal. Taking her face between his hands, he looked earnestly into the shadowy depths of her large eyes, kissed her brow tenderly, saying,

"Nothing, dear; I am nervous, not well to-day; leave me a little while alone; I'll walk in this oak shade for a few minutes, and will feel better. Meanwhile you continue your play with the children. I cannot bear their mirth just now; I'll come presently."

She looked anxiously at him, lingered a moment as if doubting the propriety of going.

"Go, dear," he added, "I shall be better and will come to you with a more cheerful countenance by and by."

She took his hand and lifted it to her lips, and, with a fond "come soon," rejoined the children, and was soon playing as gayly and cheerfully as they. Indeed she was quite as much of a child as the youngest among them, with her undeveloped heart and ill-disciplined mind and nature. 'Twere a pity to send care, anxiety and chill adversity to such a bright June blossom as she!

Aggy was looking from the window down the avenue, and saw that scene. Turning within her own room, she gazed upon her poor ill and suffering child. There it sat on a pallet, amusing itself with the bright flower which Willie had given it. Strange fears haunted the mother's mind while she thus gazed upon her child—alas!

TO BE CONTINUED.

LIFE'S LABORERS.

THESE are the inspirations and the lights
That lead us on and upward—evermore
We hear sweet voices, far in purple nights,
Call from a starry shore—

Ho! workers in the harvest of the truth!
Sow the world's wilderness with goodly grain!
Plant the waste places with eternal ruth—
The labor is not vain!

Be brave! be patient! break life's stubborn soil;
God's Angel holds ye with a steadfast hand—
The purple vintage of the summer-toil
Makes beautiful the land!

Be brave! be noble! planting among thorns
The future harvest of the world's broad rights;
For lo! the fiery pillars of the morns
Rest on the sunken nights!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

THE EXECUTION OF MARY STUART.

THE seventh volume of the "Lives of the Queens of Scotland," by Agnes Strickland, has just been published. The accomplished authoress brings her narrative down to the close of the life of Queen Mary. The circumstances attending the last scene in the life of Mary Stuart have often been described, but never more vividly than by Miss Strickland, who writes:

At 6 o'clock on the fatal morning of the 8th of February, Mary Stuart told her ladies "she had but two hours to live, and bade them dress her as for a festival." Very minute particulars of that last toilette have been preserved, both by French and English historians, and a coutemporary MS. in the Vatican contains a description of it from the pen of an eye-witness of her death. It is there stated that she wore a widow's dress of black velvet, but spangled all over with gold, a black satin pourpoint and kirtle, and under these a petticoat of crimson velvet, with a body of the same color, and a white veil of the most delicate texture, of the fashion worn by princesses of the highest rank, thrown over her coif, and descending to the ground; also, which is not mentioned in any other account, that she had caused a camisole of fine Scotch plaid, reaching from the throat to the waist, but without a collar, to be prepared the night before, that when her upper garments should be removed, she might escape the distress of appearing uncovered before so many people.

While her ladies were assisting her to dress, she, with the feminine delicacy of a really modest woman, earnestly entreated them to be watchful over her in the last terrible moment, when, observed she, "I shall be incapable of thinking of this poor body, or bestowing any care upon it. Oh, then, for the love of the blessed Savior, abandon me not while under the hands of the executioner!" They promised, with streaming eyes, to be near her and to cover her body as she fell.

Then she entered her oratory alone, and, kneeling before the miniature altar, at which her almoner had been accustomed to celebrate mass, opened the gold and jewelled ciborium in which the Pope had sent her a consecrated wafer with a dispensation to do what had never before been permitted to one of the laity—administer the Eucharist to herself preparatory to her death, if denied the ministration of a priest. It is impossible for a Protestant biographer to describe the feelings with which Mary Stuart performed her lonely communion, under circumstances so strange to a member of the Roman Catholic Church. No mortal eye beheld her in that hour; but the following Latin prayer is well known to have been extemporized by her during her last devotions on the morning of her death:

"O Domine Deus! speravi in te;
O care me Jesu, nunc libera me.
In dura catena, in misera pœna, desidero
Languendo, gemendo et genu flectendo
Adoro, implore, ut liberes me!"

"My Lord and my God, I have hoped in Thee;
O Jesu, sweet Savior, now liberate me.
I have languished for Thee in afflictions and chains;
Lamenting and sighing through long years of pains,
Adoring, imploring, on humbly bowed knee,
I crave, of Thy mercy, by grace set me free."

The wintry morning had dawned before Mary had left her oratory. She then concluded her letter to her Royal brother-in law, Henry III. of France, by adding several earnest petitions in behalf of her faithful servants, and the final date—"The morning of my death, this Wednesday, 8th February. Signed MARIE R."

She turned to her bed-chamber, where, seating herself beside the fire, she began to console her weeping maids, by declaring the comfort she felt in her approaching release from her long afflictions, and reminded them "that her uncle, the late Duke of Guise, had told her in her childhood 'that she possessed the hereditary courage of her race, and he thought she would well know how to die'"; yet he had never anticipated the possibility of her suffering the terrible death by which she was about to verify the truth of his prediction. She spoke of the transitory nature of human felicity, and the vanity of earthly greatness, whereof she was destined to serve as an example; having been Queen of the realms of France and Scotland, the one by birth, the other by marriage; and after being at the summit of all worldly honors, had to submit herself to the hands of the executioner, though innocent, which was her greatest consolation—the crime alleged against her being only a flimsy pretext for her destruction.

At the foot of the stairs—which, on account of her lameness, she descended slowly and with great difficulty, supported on each side by two of Paulet's officers, who held her up under her arms—she was met by Andrew Melville, who was now permitted to join her. He threw himself on his knees before her, wringing his hands in an uncontrollable agony of grief, the violence of which almost shook the majestic calmness she had hitherto preserved. "Woe is me," cried he, weeping bitterly, "that ever it should be my hard hap to carry back such heavy tidings to Scotland as that my good gracious Queen and mistress has been beheaded in England." "Weep not, Melville, my good and faithful servant," she replied, "thou shouldst rather rejoice that thou shalt now see the end of the long troubles of Mary Stuart; know, Melville, that this world is but vanity, and full of sorrows. I am Catholic, thou Protestant; but as there is but one Christ, I charge thee in His name to bear witness that I die firm to my religion, a true Scotchwoman, and true to France. Commend me to my dearest and most sweet son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice him in his realm, nor to disparage his dignity; add that although I could wish he were of my religion, yet if he will live in the fear of God, accordiug to that in which he hath been nurtured, I doubt not he shall do well. Tell him, from my example, never to rely too much on human aid, but to seek that which is from above. If he follow my advice, he shall have the blessing of God in Heaven, as I now give him mine on earth." She raised her hand as she concluded, and made the sign of the cross, to bless him in his absence, and her eyes overflowed with tears.

"May God," continued she, "forgive them that have thirsted for my blood as the hart doth for the brooks of water. O God, who art the author of truth, and the truth itself, thou knowest that I have always wished the union of England and Scotland." One of the Commissioners, doubtless the pitiless Earl of Kent, here interrupted her by reminding her "that the time was wearing apace." "Farewell," she said, "good Melville. Farewell. Pray for thy Queen and mistress." The passionate grief of her faithful servant brought infectious tears to her eyes. She bowed herself on his neck and wept; and, with like sensibility as her cousin, Lady Jane Grey, had kissed and embraced Feckenham on the scaffold, so did she vouchsafe, as sovereign might, without disparagement to regal dignity, or departure from feminine reserve, the like affectionate farewell to that true subject who had shared her prison and was following her to death. She who had experienced the ingratitude of a Moray, a Lethington and a Mar, could well appreciate the faithful love of Andrew Melville.

Another gentleman came to kiss Mary Stuart's hand, and bid her farewell on her way to execution, with demonstrations of deep respect and tender sympathy, together with expressions "of regret and indignation that her blood should be cruelly shed while under his roof." This was Sir William Fitz-William of Milton, who at that time held Fotheringhay Castle on lease from the Crown. Of a very different spirit from Sir Amyas Paulet, this fine old English gentleman had shown the Royal prisoner all the kind attention in his power. Mary thanked him for his gentle "entreatment of her while in his house," and begged him to accept, and keep as a memorial of her grateful appreciation of his courtesy, the portrait of the king, her son, which he would find hanging at her bed's head, being her last remaining possession that she had not bequeathed."

The procession proceeded in the following order: First came the sheriff and his men; next Mary's keepers, Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drue Drury; the Earl of Kent and Beale; then the Earl of Shrewsbury, as Earl Marshal, bearing his baton raised, immediately preceding the Royal victim, who, having rallied all the energies of her courageous spirit to vanquish bodily infirmity, moved with a proud, firm step. She was followed by Melville, who bore her train, and her two weeping ladies, clad in mourning weeds. The rear was brought up by Bourgoigne, Gourion, and Gervais, her three medical attendants.

A platform, twelve feet square and two and a half high, covered with black cloth, and surrounded with a rail, had been erected at the upper end of the great banqueting-hall at Fotheringhay, near the fireplace, in which, on account of the coldness of the weather, a large fire was burning. On the scaffold was placed the block, the axe, a chair, covered also with black cloth, for the Queen, with a cushion of crimson velvet before it, and two stools for the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury. About one hundred gentlemen, who had been admitted to behold the mournful spectacle, stood at the lower end of the hall; but the scaffold was barricaded, and a strong guard of the Sheriff's and Earl Marshal's men environed it, to prevent the possibility of a rescue.

The dignified composure and melancholy sweetness of her countenance, in which the intellectual beauty of reflective middle age had superseded the charm that in youth had been celebrated by all the poets of France and Scotland, her majestic and intrepid demeanor, made a profound impression on every one present when Mary Stuart and her sorrowful followers entered the hall of death. She surveyed the sable scaffold, the block, the axe, the executioner and spectators, undauntedly, as she advanced to the foot of the scaffold. Then she paused, for she required assistance, and Sir Amyas Paulet tendered her his hand, to aid her in ascending the two steep steps by which it was approached. Mary accepted the proffered attention of her persecuting jailer with the queenly courtesy that was natural to her, "I thank you, sir," said she, when he had helped her to mount the fatal stair, "this is the last trouble I shall ever give you."

Having calmly seated herself in the chair that had been provided for her, with the two earls standing on either side, and the executioner in front holding the axe, with the edge towards her, Beale sprang upon the scaffold with unfeeling alacrity, and read the death-warrant in a loud voice. She listened to it with a serene and even smiling countenance; but, as before, bowed her head and crossed herself when it was concluded, in token of her submission to the will of God. "Now, madam," said the Earl of Shrewsbury, "you see what you have to do." She answered briefly and emphatically, "Do your duty." Then she asked for her almoner, that she might pray with him; but this being denied, Dr. Fletcher, the Dean of Peterborough, standing directly before her without the rails, and bending his body very low, began to address her. "Mr. Dean, trouble not yourself nor me," said the Queen, "for know that I am settled in the ancient Catholic and Roman faith, in defence whereof, by God's grace, I mind to spend my blood." "Madam," replied the dean, "change your opinion, and repent you of your former wickedness." "Good Mr. Dean," rejoined she, "trouble not yourself any more about this matter. I was born in this religion, and am resolved to die in this religion." The earls, perceiving her resolution was not to be shaken, said, "Madam, will you pray for your grace with Mr. Dean, that you may have your mind lightened with the true knowledge of God and his word." "My lords," replied the Queen, "if you will pray with me, I will even from my heart thank you; but to pray with you, in your manner, who are not of the same religion with me, were a sin." The earls then bade the dean "say on according to his own pleasure." This he did, not by reciting the beautiful office for the dying, or the burial service from our Anglican Church, but in a bitter polemic composition of his own, tending neither to comfort nor edification. Mary heeded him not, but began to pray with absorbing and tearful earnestness from her own breviary and the psalter, uniting portions from the 31st, 51st and 91st Psalms. She prayed in Latin, in French, and finally in English, for God to pardon her sins and forgive her foes; for Christ's afflicted Church; for the peace and prosperity of England and Scotland; for her son, and for Queen Elizabeth; not with the ostentation of a Pharisee, but the holy benevolence of a dying Christian. At the conclusion of her last prayer, she arose, and, holding up the crucifix, exclaimed, "As thy arms, O Christ! were extended on the cross, even so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and blot out all my sins with thy most precious blood." "Madam," interrupted the Earl of Kent, "it were better for you to eschew such Popish trumpery, and bear him in your heart." "Can I," she mildly answered, "hold the representation of the sufferings of my crucified Redeemer in my hand without bearing him at the same time in my heart?"

The two executioners, seeing her preparing to make herself ready for the block, knelt before her and prayed her forgiveness. "I forgive you and all the world with all mine heart," she replied, "for I hope this death will give an end to all my troubles." They offered to assist her in removing her mantle, but she drew back, and requested them not to touch her, observing with a smile, "I have not been accustomed to be served by such pages of honor, nor to disrobe before so numerous a company." Then beckoning to Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who were on their knees in tears below, they came to her on the scaffold; but when they saw for what purpose they were required, they began to scream and cry, and were too much agitated at first to render her the assistance she required, so that she began to take out the pins herself, a thing to which she was not accustomed. "Do not weep," said she, tenderly removing them, "I am very happy to leave this world. You ought to rejoice to see me die in so good a cause. Are you not ashamed to weep? Nay, if you do not give over those lamentations, I must send you away, for you know I have promised for you."

Then she took off her gold pomander, chain and rosary, which she had previously desired one of her ladies to convey to the Countess of Arundel as a last token of her regard. The executioner seized it, and secreted it in his shoe. Jane Kennedy, with the resolute spirit of a brave Scotch lassie, snatched it from him, and a struggle ensued. Mary, mildly interposing, said, "Friend, let her have it, she will give you more than its value in money"; but he sullenly replied, "it is my perquisite." "It would have been strange indeed," observes our authority with sarcastic bitterness, "if this poor Queen had met with courtesy from an English hangman, who had experienced so little from the nobles of that country—witness the Earl of Shrewsbury and his wife."

Before Mary proceeded further in her preparations for the block, she took a last farewell of her weeping ladies, kissing, embracing and blessing them, by signing them with the cross, which benediction they received on their knees.

Her upper garments being removed, she remained in her petticoat of crimson velvet and camisole, which laced behind, and covered her arms with a pair of crimson velvet sleeves. Jane Kennedy now drew from her pocket the gold-bordered handkerchief Mary had given her to bind her eyes. Within this she placed a "Corpus Christi cloth," probably the same in which the consecrated wafer sent to her by the Pope had been enveloped. Jane folded it corner-wise, kissed it, and, with trembling hands, prepared to execute this last office; but she and her companion burst into a fresh paroxysm of hysterical sobbing and crying.

Mary placed her finger on her lips reprovingly. "Hush," said she, "I have promised for you; weep not, but pray for me." When they had pinned the handkerchief over the face of their beloved mistress, they were compelled to withdraw from the scaffold; and "she was left alone to close up the tragedy of life by herself, which she did with her wonted courage and devotion." Kneeling on the cushion, she repeated, in her usual clear, firm voice, "In te Domine speravi." "In thee, Lord, have I hoped; let me never be put to confusion." Being then guided by the executioners to find the block, she bowed her head upon it intrepidly, exclaiming, as she did so, "In manus tuas." "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." The Earl of Shrewsbury raised his baton, in performance of his duty as earl marshal, to give the signal for the *coup-de-grace*, but he averted his head at the same time, and covered his face with his hand to conceal his agitation and streaming tears. A momentary pause ensued, for the executioner's assistant perceived that the Queen, grasping the block firmly with both hands, was resting her chin upon them, and that they must have been cut off or mangled if he had not removed them, which he did by drawing them down and holding them tightly in his own, while his companion struck her with the axe a cruel but ineffectual blow. Agitated alike by the courage of the royal victim, and the sobs and groans of the sympathizing spectators, he missed his aim and inflicted a deep wound on the side of the skull. She neither screamed nor stirred, but her sufferings were too sadly testified by the convulsion of her features, when, after the third blow, the butcher-work was accomplished, and the severed head, streaming with blood, was held up to the gaze of the people. "God save Queen Elizabeth!" cried the executioner. "So let all her enemies perish!" exclaimed the Dean of Peterborough. One solitary voice alone responded "Amen!"—it was that of the Earl of Kent. The silence, the tears and groans of the witnesses of the tragedy, yea, even of the very assistants in it, proclaimed the feelings with which it had been regarded.

THE UNLOVED.

From The Atlantic Monthly.

THE great mystery of God's providence is the permitted crushing out of flowering instincts. Life is maintained by the respiration of oxygen and of sentiments. In the long catalogue of scientific cruelties there is hardly anything quite so painful to think of as that experiment of putting an animal under the bell of an air-pump and exhausting the air from it. [I never saw the accursed trick performed. *Laus Deo!*] There comes a time when the souls of human beings, women, perhaps, more even than men, begin to faint for the atmosphere of the affections they were made to breathe. Then it is that society places its transparent bell-glass over the young woman who is to be the subject of one of its fatal experiments. The element by which only the heart lives is sucked out of her crystalline prison. Watch her through its transparent walls; her bosom is heaving, but it is in a vacuum. Death is no riddle, compared to this. I remember a poor girl's story in the "Book of Martyrs." The "frypan and the gradual fire" were the images that frightened her most. How many have withered and wasted under as slow a torment in the walls of that larger Inquisition which we call Civilization!

Yes, my surface-thought laughs at you, you foolish, plain, over-dressed, mincing, cheaply organized, self-saturated young person, whoever you may be, now reading this—little thinking you are what I describe, and in blissful unconsciousness that you are destined to the lingering asphyxia of soul which is the lot of such multitudes worthier than yourself. But it is only my surface-thought which laughs. For that great procession of the UNLOVED, who not only wear the crown of thorns, but must hide it under the locks of brown or gray—under the snowy cap, under the chilling turban—hide it even from themselves—perhaps never know they wear it, though it kills them—there is no depth of tenderness in my nature that pity has not sounded. Somewhere—somewhere—love is in store for them—the universe must not be allowed to fool them so cruelly. What infinite pathos in the small, half-unconscious artifices by which unattractive young persons seek to recommend themselves to the favor of those towards whom our dear sisters, the unloved, like the rest, are impelled by their God-given instincts!

Read what the singing-women—one to ten thousand of the suffering women—tell us, and think of the griefs that die unspoken! Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman; and there are women enough laying in the next church-yard, with very commonplace blue slate-stones at their head and feet, for whom it was just as true that "all sounds of life assumed one tone of love" as for Letitia Landon, of whom Elizabeth Browning said it; but she could give words to her grief, and they could not. Will you hear a few stanzas of mine?

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber—
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their heart's sad story—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses—
If singing breath or echoing cord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad